

N. 8, 1904.

It " Costume of green and white
tweed; three-quarter coat; silk
well gored; 25, 40, 28s.—Write
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

unting Coat and Waistcoat: 50s.
ft., chest 51, waist 42.—Mrs. Slater,
e, near Windsor.

1 delicate Blouse: quite new; ma-
st flowered design, with lace pa-
ms; stock size; 15s. the two.—
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-

of French button boots, dark tan
ck glazed; size three; quite new;
ch, except 35s. the two.—Write
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

1 White and Blue Flannel Shirt
American style; scarcely used;
6d. the two.—Write 2887, "Daily
New Bond-street, W.

1 Hats: parma violets and mace-
nd claret-red tricornes, bound shell
25s. the two.—Write 2809, "Daily
New Bond-street, W.

tiful Silk Petticoats, white China
in lovely embroidered flounce and
sed, filled; medallions of black
nce, quite good; 25s. the two.—
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-

NEN; 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemise-
sers, 2 petticoats, 3 lovely night-
6d.—Eve, 89, Union-road, Clapton.

Outdoor Costume of heather tweed
flounce; short semi-sac coat; 45s.
Write 2769, "Daily Mirror," 45,
treet, W.

winter Wrap of grey frieze; with
with velvet cuffs and collar; 45s.
Write 2849, "Daily Mirror," 45,
treet, W.

lish velveteen Blouse; rich red;
ntioning on to lace vest; 45s. New
ite 2850, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
treet, W.

ainty Tea-jacket of soft flannel
rimmed pale-blue ribbon and lace;
15s.—Write 2855, "Daily Mirror,"
nd-street, W.

D cloth Costume, silk-lined, trimmed
silk; white spotted velvet waistcoat;
4s.—Write 2838, "Daily Mirror," 45,
treet, W.

Jacket, semi-fitting, of dark blue
1, trimmed bands of caracul; 45s.
—Write 2859, "Daily Mirror," 45,
treet, W.

ellaneous.

2 silver Walter; also Cream Jar;
737, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-

4.—Edison Bell "Home" Phone
; perfect condition; large
ords; 45s.—Address "H."
cham, Cheshire.

harrige Rug; dark brown; cloth-
quite new; 42s.; worth 47; ap-
for. 2, Claylands-road, S.W.

D Kaffir crystal pheasant Breast
5d.; cost 90s.; artistically designed
crystals and rubies, representing
liver fold-cased; in case; approxi-
68, Stockwell-road, S.W.

UILTS—500 travellers samples made
pared at a great sacrifice; full and
only 4s. 6d.; cartage 6d.; approxi-
7, Gray Seward, 25, Milton-street,
C.

IVES and Forks; handsome cases;
silver-mounted; ivory handles; 12s.
6d.; worth 80s.; approval.—
m-road.

le.—Broadwood Grand; listed
4; price 435.—88, Boundary-road,

1, price 415, genuine old Violon-
by Jacobus Steiner.—Write
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAN'S 2 guinea Umbrella; 140,
tusk handle, Fox frame, scarcely
72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-

uality Tapestry Table Cloth; 50s.
large size; 12s. a bargain.—Write
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

ONE solid silver Sugar Dropper;
it design; large size; 43s. 3d.—
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

parting with trinkets will sell my
two handsome 18-carat gold-
around Rings; sacrifice 3s.
diamond long gold-cased Watch-
al bargain; approval before pay-
ingly.—Write Mrs. Le Velez,
-road, N.

ishes to sell Service silver-mounted
ry, hall-marked; 12 table, 12
rriers, and steel; 27s. 6d.; Shap-
yth 45; unrolled; approval.—
19, Holland-street, S.W.

aiding London wishes to part with
ck Bicycle; excellent repair;
be sold, £10; cost £28.—Write
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street.

2-guinea silk Umbrella, 140,
handle 7in. deep, richly embro-
framer; quite new; approval.—
forth-road, S.W.

Umbrella, beautiful enamel and
le, Fox frame, quite new; cost 45s.
6d.—Write 2875, "Daily Mirror,"
t-street, W.

MAID sacrifices 2 ladies' 14-carat
ased rings, Orient diamonds, ap-
ely 3s. the two; also beautiful
cellet, with centre heart, only 10s.
willingly before payment.—Miss
Upper Montague-street, London.

ilver-backed Hair Brushes, silver
and silver-mounted Comb; all
ady will sell above for 39s. 6d.; ap-
roval; approval.—H. E. 2, Clay-

Necklace; diamond clasp; approxi-
e 756, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-

GRAPH, Pathé "Perfecta," with 17
s records; list cost 45; to be sold at
ew; splendid instrument; bargain.
1, Chiltern-street, Fulham.

AL—White enamel Bedroom Set;
noise blue tiles to back of
1; good condition (Hampton); 15s.
6.—Write 2798, "Daily Mirror,"
t-street, W.

E (lady's pigskin), for horseback;
all-hand; good condition; 45s.—Write
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

2 Buttons; 6 antique buttons for coat;
bolero, 12s. 6d.; approval.—
ndsworth-road, S.W.

DID boy's Bicycle for sale; 4-year
; price 45; free-wheel; Warminster
rake.—Apply 103, Hereford-road, Bath.

2 occasional drawing-room Chairs
nt inlaid rosewood and upholster-
silk tapestry covered; 75s. the two.
Write 2797, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
et, W.

WRITER, Blickensderfer; new, perfect
cted; 45; cost 42.—Write 2717,
45, New Bond-street, W.

HT grand Piano; latest improvement;
ly new (Chappell); perfect condition;
guinea; take 445.—Write 2776,
Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

ME of Sermons by Canon Knapp-
Perfect Life"; published by Long-
7s. 6d.; perfectly new and unused;
post free; only a few copies; please
ley's Library, 27, White Rock, Bath.

lers executed strictly in relation
and Published by W. D. ROOME, at a
tite-street, London, E.C. — Publish-
17 8, 1904.

The "Daily Mirror," January 9, 1904.

OUR DAILY BARGAINS AND ADVERTISERS. See back page.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 58.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1904.

One Penny.

£1,000

HIDDEN IN LONDON.

EVERYONE HAS AN EQUAL CHANCE.

FOR CLUES SEE TO-MORROW'S

WEEKLY DISPATCH

THE COMING SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

By Special Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

BROADWOOD PIANOFORTES.

Showrooms :

33, GREAT PULTENEY STREET, W.

(NEAR PICCADILLY CIRCUS).

A BRIGHT IDEA

is worth a fortune. Here's one for you. Stop cleaning your silver and plate in the old-fashioned troublesome way, and try a little

PLATO SILVER POLISH

a liquid metal polish, containing a solution of silver, which removes all stains and produces a brilliant surface with very little labour. Try Plato for your nickel and electro goods.

IT COVERS ALL WORN PARTS with a DEPOSIT OF SILVER. Contains no injurious acids. Bottles 1/- each. Get one to-day of your Grocer, or write to

THE PLATO COMPANY,
7, Waithman Street, London, E.C.,

who will see that you are supplied.

The greatest improvement in the TALKING MACHINE
ever placed before the Public.

Entire Absence of Scratching.

Full Natural Tones.

IN 3 STYLES.

No. 1	£2 2 0
No. 2	£3 5 0
No. 3	£7 15 0

THE
DELIGHT
OF
HEARING
MADAME

RECORDS.

1/4, 2/6, and 3/6
each.

KIRKBY LUNN'S VOICE,

Formerly the Privilege of only the Wealthy, is Now Within the
Reach of Everyone.

Hear a reproduction on the "Perfecta" of a song by Madame Kirkby Lunn, Ada Reeve, or any of the well-known artistes which our list comprises, and you will agree with us that this is no mere machine, but a "HUMAN THING." Inventors have for years been attempting to invent a Talking Machine that reproduces accurately, without the buzzing nasal sound, and scratching and whirling, which has hitherto been associated with this class of instrument. The "Perfecta" accomplishes this.

Call and hear this wonderful machine, or if this is not convenient, write for our lists.

ARTISTS WHO HAVE MADE RECORDS:—

MESDAMES—

SARAH BERNHARDT
KIRKBY LUNN
ADA REEVE
HILDA MOODY
MARIE DAINTON
SYLVA SABLANC
HILDA TREVELYAN

MESSIEURS CARUSO

COQUELIN
MR. BEN DAVIES
MR. ANDREW BLACK
MR. DENHAM PRICE
MR. HARRY LAUDER
MR. R. G. KNOWLES
MEISTER GLEE SINGERS

Band Records by the GARDE REPUBLICAINE.

HENRY KLEIN & CO.,
84, Oxford Street, London, W.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.
Our special forecast for to-day is:
Changeable and unsettled; becoming colder
generally; rain or sleet at times.
Lighting-up time, 5.9 p.m.
SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel and North Sea, smooth;
Irish Channel, moderate to smooth.

The Daily Mirror.

9th Day of Year. Saturday, Jan. 9, 1904. 357 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

1904.	January.	Feb.
Sun.	10 17 24 31 ..	1
Mon.	11 18 25 ..	2
Tues.	12 19 26 ..	3
Wed.	13 20 27 ..	4
Thurs.	14 21 28 ..	5
Fri.	15 22 29 ..	6
Sat.	16 23 30 ..	7

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.
A capital day's shooting was enjoyed at Chatsworth yesterday. The King and Queen will leave at 11.50 on Monday. The royal train will separate at Saxby, the King going to London and the Queen to Sandringham.—See page 4.

Irish landlords, presumably desirous of keeping up the national character of never being "at peace without they're foughten," have formed a league "for the purpose of inaugurating an aggressive movement," says the "Freeman's Journal."

Mr. Carnegie, for ever generous and large of idea, has presented a fossil lizard, 66ft. long, to the Royal Institution.

If we wish to preserve the virtue, modesty, and physical strength of our future womanhood, magistrates must discourage and discountenance the employment of barmaids, according to the British Women's Temperance Association.

A farthing devoted to the help of a hospital by a damaged authoress has now become 1,902 farthings, given by the friends of the damager. Thus Marie's mite is as much as ever.

The English waiter is waking up, not to attend to his customers more quickly, but to form a union to prevent the foreign article from coming to England so that he may shirk his military duties.

After being dismissed from the Cardiff Electric Works an engineer proceeded to cut off the current from the local tramways. Foltrates have cut him off from the world for nine months.

The tale of a talented mare which worked all day and performed acrobatic feats all night was told yesterday at the Clerkenwell County Court.—See page 4.

An escape of gas from a pipe near three old houses on the Stockton quayside cost a labourer named Marley his life, and thirteen grown-up people and children were in peril.

The "gentle rain from Heaven" certainly dropped in Clerkenwell Police Court when Mr. Cler reduced the fine of a man who used his shop for betting from £310 10s. to £70 10s.

Several well-known London literary men are pleading for male dress reform.—See page 5.

Thomas Atkins must not worship in a desecrated church, is the latest War Office reply to an old church near Rochester, used as an arsenal.

Lord Braybrooke had considerable pain at intervals yesterday, and was completely prostrated.

Londoners are evidently very anxious to hear Mr. Chamberlain at the Guildhall, as applications for seats continue to pour in. There is absolutely not an inch of room left.

Osborne House is expected to be ready for the reception of convalescent officers of the Army and Navy in the course of the next few weeks.

Egypt, which was civilised when Englishmen were skin-clad savages, now bows down to the power of Birmingham. In addition to the little gods which tourists buy, Egyptian money is now made there, five tons of silver coins being despatched recently.

Four lightships on the Goodwin Sands are to be put in communication with the shore by means of wireless telegraphy, so that cases of disaster may be announced more quickly.

Foreign and Colonial.
A statement is attributed to the Secretary of the French Embassy in London that France will not allow war between Japan and Russia to disturb her friendship for England, even should China or Korea take part.—See page 3.

More trouble for the Tsar. One of the royal princes has fallen in love with a Duchess who is separated from her husband. The Kaiser will doubtless telegraph his sympathy.

Advices from the Tibet Mission are favourable. The soldiers' boots are whole so far; they have more than two biscuits per day to live on.

Russia is indeed anxious that the Finns should participate in all the benefits and blessings of her citizenship. She now refuses foreign passports for five years to all who did not do their military service last year.

The labourers at Buenos Ayres are quite civilised; they have struck, and cavalry are required to protect the men who think it better to work than to agitate.

There is a certain "cordiale" significance in the fire-extinguishing and life-saving contests to be held at the Anglo-French fêtes in Normandy in July next.

The striking sailors at Barcelona are living in peace and plenty, as they are receiving funds to enable them to "stay out." The shipowners whose vessels do not leave the port are wringing their hands and trying to make terms.

Quarantine has now been entirely withdrawn at Turkish and Syrian ports against Egypt, which will enable tourists to visit Egypt and the Nile and then proceed to Palestine.

Anxious to taste once more the joys of high life, Mr. Seth Low, ex-Mayor of New York, will be a candidate for Congress at the next general elections.

The First Chamber of the Dutch States General yesterday voted an appropriation of over £800,000 for the purchase of quick-firing Krupp guns.

Mr. Joshua Crane, court tennis champion in the United States, is coming to England early in the spring to compete with Mr. Eustace Miles for the championship of the world.

An Italian lady, aged twenty-seven, has just been married to her sixth husband.—See page 5.

A large number of the inhabitants of the Transvaal are muttering threats of "painting the place red" should the yellow man come, and Dr. Jameson has drafted a Bill for the exclusion of "the heathen."

Lord Dundonald, commander of the Canadian Militia, says he knows nothing of the report that he is about to be recalled to England to take over the command of the Auxiliary Forces.

The signallers who transmitted the account of the explosion on H.M.S. Wallaroo made the mistake of substituting "43 killed and injured" for four killed and three seriously injured.—See page 5.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Our Friendship with France Not Disturbed.

RUSSIAN FLEET SAILS.

Japan's New Cruisers Ready for Sea.

The only encouraging feature in the Far Eastern situation to-day is the friendly attitude attributed to France. It is believed that, whatever turn events may take, our newly-formed entente with the Republic is not likely to be endangered.

The most important item in the direct news from the East is the telegram announcing the sailing for Port Arthur of "several Russian warships," which were to reinforce the cruisers already at sea, and proceed to meet the Japanese squadron.

Though both at home and abroad there seemed, judging from the tone of the bourses, some lessening of tension yesterday, there is really nothing to diminish the gravity of the situation. The Russian reply to Japan's Note is evidently unsatisfactory; the Tokio Press is warlike; and war stores are still being purchased by both Powers.

It is interesting to note that Major Nathan, who was in the transport service during the Boer War, thinks the Siberian Railway, by which he has just arrived in the Far East, would break down hopelessly in the event of war.

FRANCE'S FRIENDLY ASSURANCE.

The Central News attributes a most important statement to the Secretary of the French Embassy in London. He said that France, in the event of hostilities in the Far East, would endeavour strictly to maintain an attitude of neutrality. France was certainly interested in the struggle, but there was "no possibility of her being in any way implicated."

"The present relations between France and Great Britain were such as to be impossible of disturbance. Even if Korea or China joined Japan they would not be considered Powers within the meaning of the treaty, and, therefore, it was unlikely that France would be liable to be called upon to interfere."

The tone of the French Press suggests that France is very anxious that the peace shall not be broken. The "Temps" suggests the friendly intervention of the Powers, collectively or separately, at the moment when a conflict becomes inevitable.

Considerable importance is attached to visits paid yesterday afternoon to the Foreign Office by the Russian Ambassador and the Japanese Minister.

"RUSSIA'S TURN TO WAIT."

Reuter credits Viscount Hayashi with the statement that definite action by his Government on the Russian reply might be expected very shortly. He added:

"The period of suspense is over as far as Japan is concerned; it is now Russia's turn to wait."

It was, he remarked significantly, "impossible to say whether the Japanese Government would send a reply or not."

In answer to a question, his Excellency said: "It is going too far to say that all hope of peace is abandoned. Beyond this I can express no opinion until I know the decision of my Government."

To another Press representative the Ambassador remarked: "War is, at best, a terrible thing, but as long as human nature remains what it is I fear we cannot hope that it will always be avoided."

JAPAN'S NEW CRUISERS READY.

Genoa, Friday.

The news spread here to-day that the two Argentine warships recently acquired by Japan would sail to-night, and this evening people flocked to the port to give them a hearty send-off. The Genoese are proud of the strength and speed of the ships, and, moreover, half of the crew of 330 carried by each vessel are Italians, the remainder being English.

The English officers commanding the ships, Captains Paynter and Lea, are said to have received sealed orders, to be opened on the high seas.

It is believed that the ships will leave early in the morning.

In spite of the difference in nationality and language, the men are settling down well to-

gether and fraternizing, and all display great enthusiasm for Japan.

The two cruisers will meet two other Japanese cruisers in the Mediterranean. There is much talk of their being "shadowed" by the Russian squadron.

RUSSIAN SHIPS TO MEET JAPANESE

Port Arthur, Thursday.

Several Russian warships left here at midnight last night to reinforce the Russian cruisers now at sea. It is stated that the combined force will then proceed to meet a Japanese squadron of four ironclads which is approaching Korea.

New York, Friday.

The following has been received from Tokio:—

"It is manifest that Russia's proposals are unsatisfactory. The Japanese nation is deeply stirred. Public sentiment favours the abandonment of the negotiations, believing them useless, and urges resort to arms."

The Washington correspondent of the "Sun" says the State Department has been informed by a European Diplomatic Agent that 35,000 Japanese troops are reported to be ready to land in Korean territory.—Reuter.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

Washington, Friday.

The Cabinet to-day discussed the situation in the Far East. The Government's desire to emphasise the absolute neutrality of America was disclosed by the announcement that Admiral Evans, upon his arrival at Guam to-morrow, would be ordered to proceed to Subig Bay, it being desired that the American Navy should observe "good sea manners" by not entering Russian or Japanese waters at the present moment.

Mr. Slayden (Democrat) introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives to-day requesting the President to tender the good offices of the United States as mediator.—Reuter.

ORDER TO BRITISH TROOPS.

Hong Kong, Friday.

Two hundred and fifty men of the Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derbyshire Regiment), forming part of the garrison here, have been suddenly warned to hold themselves in readiness for service. Their destination is not known.—Reuter.

MID-DEVON ELECTION.

Mr. Eve, the Liberal Candidate, Returned by 1,476.

The result of the polling for the election of a member of Parliament in succession to the late Mr. Seale-Hayne in the Ashburton, or Mid-Devon, division was declared at Newton Abbot shortly before noon yesterday.

The following are the figures:—
Mr. H. T. EVE, K.C. (L) 5,034
General Sir RICHARD HARRISON (U) 3,558

Majority 1,476

At the General Election in 1900 the figures were:—Right Hon. C. Seale-Hayne (L), 4,437; Mr. J. A. Nix (U), 3,716; majority, 771.

A portrait and some details of Mr. Eve's career appear on page 12.

Although, as on the previous day, rain fell heavily, the streets of Newton Abbot were crowded with people who had come into the town to learn the result of the poll. Much enthusiasm was displayed by the Liberals after the poll had been declared, and a procession was formed, composed chiefly of unemployed, which marched through the streets singing Liberal songs. Both candidates made short addresses of thanks to their supporters.

THE KING TO VISIT WALES.

It is understood, the Press Association states, that the King, after going to Ireland, will pay a visit to Wales, but no date has been fixed.

His Majesty's visit to the German Emperor is not expected to take place until after the Cowes Regatta season.

CENTENARIAN'S GIFT FROM THE QUEEN.

Mrs. Bremridge, the Sidmouth centenarian, who will, on the 21st inst., celebrate her 103rd birthday, has received a Coronation souvenir from Queen Alexandra.

A card with the following inscription accompanied it: "A little memento of the Coronation for Mrs. Bremridge, from H.M. the Queen."

Mrs. Bremridge, who still enjoys good health, sent in her own handwriting a letter of thanks.

The Princess of Wales has sent 458 garments for the very poor under the care of the Church Army.

W.

KING MACHINE
blic.
all Natural Tones.

RECORDS.
1/4, 2/6, and 3/6
each.

JINN'S

is Now Within the

g by Madame Kirby
hich our list comprises,
hine, but a "HUMAN"
to invent a Talking
zing nasal sound, and
dicated with this class of

is is not convenient.

RECORDS:—
CARUSO
DAVIES
REW BLACK
HAM PRICE
RY LAUDER
KNOWLES
GLIECE
CLAINE.

& CO.,
adon, W.

ston, whose curious life-story in Fulham lately, has

TIC CHRISTMAS.

WHO MANAGED TO BE
IDER DIFFICULTIES.

from the Discovery's ex-
th Polar regions, Lieutenant
today gave a lecture to
ventures in Antarctic Land
the theatre in Burlington
at a lecture; it was just a lot
stories and pictures," said a
e came away. For the lea-
ade the mistake of talking
heads, and the result was
dred children applauded with
ew picture thrown on the
ry bright story told by the
lor.
think much of the Christmas
ee explorers from the Dis-
y, though Lieutenant
say it was the first good feel-
months.
pudding," he said, "but you
ou may imagine, for I had
t in a sock. One of us had
carefully saved, and Captain
piece of holly. We had a
as in our tent, and afterward
took one another's place.

how the members of the
magazine. "The South Polar
me out monthly, had about
red illustrations, besides a
piece, and the letter-press
poetry, mild jokes—for
n't matter how mild a joke
'olar regions,"—and the
of news was dated Good
blossoming of the first cro-
in Scott with much care. The
lled to come in one by one
e table and look at it, for
ant life for months.
d that one of the seamen
nguin egg, the only one
ound. Everyone on board
t to make the seamen
d of the Royal Geographi-
conferred on him.

IN THE MANGER.

atic Feats of a Stable
land's Charge.

at remarkable achievement
h had been under his charge
in Clerkenwell County Cou-
Walhamston stable hand
een thought that affecting
pay such a tribute to her
it such was not the case.
ked him, and he asked
is that she was a "plunger"
that sometimes as many as
ured to harness her to a
ble she was particularly vio-
and kicked all night long.
else?" asked counsel.
would get right into the man-
ting round like a dog."
: This sounds curious. Do
that she got right into
s, I have seen her many a
e whole horse?—It was not
it, however, but a young man
an to say that it got its four
ger and stood up?—I mean

n chimed in again and inquired
worked all day?" To which
answer: "Yes, and kicked
know whether this equine
d, for he left after he had kicked
then became serious again, and
r circumstances which
id to compensation.

"GIVES ITSELF AWAY."

ner in County Dublin was
the sum of 10s. for letting
at will on the public high-
parently gave himself to the
vidence it was stated that
a fancy" to a constable of the
opolitan force, and followed
ckrook police station.

PRaise FOR A LABOURER.

for damages in the
ty Court for personal inju-
ry Berridge, in his evi-
dence on which he was employ-
ed, his injury was at Osborne.
aw it, said "it was the quick-
e had even seen in his life."

EXECUTION BY THE YARD.

ge against Mr. Whitaker
of parchment nearly two
order to conform to the
s that the charge shall be
t, it has been necessary to
number of ordinary-sized
begins on Monday in the High
will occupy at least a week.

FOUR DEAD, THREE INJURED.

FULL DETAILS OF THE EXPLOSION
ON H.M.S. WALLAROO.

THE SIGNAL THAT SPOKE FALSE.

Fortunately the earlier messages received
enumerating the victims of the explosion on
H.M.S. Wallaroo, were in error. Instead
of 43 killed and injured, the signals should
have been read as four killed and three in-
jured. How such a mistake could occur will
probably be the subject of an inquiry, the
result of which will be awaited with no little
interest by a somewhat astonished public.
The names of the victims are:—

KILLED.
G. H. Hall, chief stoker, married.
C. E. Ellis, stoker, single.
SERIOUSLY INJURED.
W. J. Sandow, stoker, single.
T. Perry, stoker, married.

A Reuter's special telegram from Sydney,
which arrived yesterday, gives full particu-
lars of the accident.
At 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, as the Wal-
laroo, in company with the Tauranga, was
proceeding at a rate of ten knots, steam was
observed issuing from her stoke-hold venti-
lator. No noise was heard by those on deck,
wrong, and the vessel was stopped.

On Board the Vessel.
An examination made below showed that
the top of the combustion chamber of one
dead, and that the firebox had
been blown out. The stoker Moore was found
nearly scalded. These two died within an hour.
Ellis, who was likewise gravely injured, in-
gured until eleven o'clock at night.
Medical assistance was immediately sent
by the Tauranga, and as soon as the wounded
Sydney, the Tauranga continuing her voyage.
The dead were buried at sea at five o'clock
yesterday afternoon.
On reaching Montagu Island the Wallaroo
signalled that four men had been killed and
signal was misread, the two figures being
combined.
The Wallaroo reached Sydney at ten
o'clock, and the injured were conveyed ashore.
For the time being it is impossible to ascer-
tain the exact cause of the explosion. The
deck shows no sign of the incident.
Fuller inquiries have elicited that the ex-
plosion occurred in latitude 38.15 south, longi-
tude 150.5 east. When the cap of the com-
bustion chamber fell in the whole collapsed,
and the boiler was blown into the fore stokehold,
and the boiler was totally destroyed. Several
men rushed to ascertain the cause of the ex-
plosion, but were unable to descend at
once, owing to the denseness of the vapour,
and had to wait for it to disperse.
Meanwhile Hall, dreadfully burned about
the face and neck, rushed up on deck,
Ciel, though he fell, never rose again. Ellis and
Moore, though both terribly burned, also es-
caped from the stokehold before succumbing.
When the stokehold was eventually
emptied, the boiler having emptied
of scalding water, the boiler having emptied
itself into the stokehold.
Of the three men injured Sandow is the
most seriously hurt, but all are reported to be
doing well. Another stoker, John Kimber,
was slightly hurt.

GREAT SINGER ILL.

Mme. Antoinette Sterling (Mrs. MacKin-
lay), the celebrated singer, is, we regret to
learn, lying seriously ill at her Hampstead
residence.

In reply to an inquiry last night at Madame
Sterling's house at Hampstead it was stated
that she is seriously ill, and that her condition
is causing much anxiety to her friends.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY TICKETS.

A penny in the slot of an automatic machine
will produce many things—from pocket hand-
kerchiefs to name-plates. On the North Lon-
don Railway two pennies in an automatic
machine will produce a workman's railway
ticket.
This original method of supplying tickets
appealed to the misplaced genius of William
Gwilling, an Upton Park blacksmith, and with
the aid of metal discs placed in the slot he
extracted two.
They have proved costly, for he is now
undergoing a month's hard labour as the price
of each ticket.

DANGEROUS OYSTERS.

The contamination of oysters and other
shell fish is dealt with in a Parliamentary
report issued yesterday. It is thought that
for the present it would be a sufficient pre-
caution to require a guarantee on the part of
the Government concerned that all oysters
for human consumption had been procured
from localities where they were not liable to
be contaminated by sewage.

Lady Euston, whose curious life-story came
to an end in Fulham lately, has left estate
valued at £143.

"FISCAL TEAS."

At One of Which a Conjuror Was
Welcomed in Place of a Lecturer.

We have had "Book Teas" and "Play
Teas," and even "Poster Teas." The latest
form of mild social dissipation is the Fiscal
Tea.

Guests are not invited to dress up as Mr.
Chamberlain or the Duke of Devonshire. In-
deed, anyone who attempted the latter dis-
guise (which would naturally consist of a
sleeping suit) would meet with something less
than welcome, for all the Fiscal Tea-
drinkers so far are convinced Chamberlain-
ites.

What they are expected to bring are argu-
ments in favour of fiscal reform, and the
entertainment consists of discussion as to the
best means of advancing Mr. Chamberlain's
programme.

The tea drunk must, of course, be Indian,
no matter what sufferings from indigestion
may be caused by it. Unfortunately neither
the bread nor the butter lend themselves to
political treatment, a big and a little loaf
being indistinguishable when cut up into
slices; but the cakes can be covered with ap-
propriate mottoes, and the sugared biscuits
may present an artistic display of colour bear-
ing a distinct resemblance to the Union
Jack.

The room should be decorated either with
genuine orchids or with specimens of a com-
paratively inexpensive variety.

The political success of one of these gather-
ings was somewhat marred by the fact that
the entertainment bureau, which had been re-
quested to provide a lecturer on fiscal reform,
sent a conjuror by mistake. None of those
present being fiscal experts, the error was not
discovered, however, until he was in the
middle of his performance, when it was
unanimously decided that he should be
allowed to proceed.

FRAUD IN THE FOOD BILL.

"Real" Butter Can Be Made with
80.18 per Cent. Foreign Fat.

At a meeting of the Society of Medical Of-
ficers of Health held in London last evening,
Mr. J. S. Cameron, of Leeds, read a paper on
"The Sophistication of Foods." He made
some statements that may give housekeepers
pause. We did not like, he said, ninety per-
cent. of chicory in our coffee, and such a
quantity was clearly a fraud, but he feared a
dishonest trader would escape under the pro-
tection of the eighth section of the 1875 Act.
It ought to be imperative that there should be
some indication of the proportions of the two
articles.

Margarine under the law was butter with
foreign fat, but as there was no rigid standard
of butter, and as butter made from milk might
contain from four and a half to seven per-
cent. of the soluble fatty acids calculated as
butyric acid, good butter might have nearly
a quarter of its weight of margarine added to
it, and the analyst would be unable to certify
that the mixture was anything else but genuine
butter. The retailer who could show an in-
voice indicating a purchase of "butter" might
escape prosecution, and yet the middleman
who gave warranty could not be had up for
false warranty. In a recent case a retailer
sold as butter a mixture containing 86.18 per
cent. foreign fat and escaped conviction by
producing such an invoice.

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE GUARDS.

The Guards are always the Guards. And
now that a mere rifleman, in the shape of
Lord Grenfell, is in command of the Fourth
Army Corps, which includes the bearskin
brigade that forms the bulk of the home dis-
trict, the Guards have become more Ouida-
esque than ever. Jealous of their traditions,
they consider that a Guardsman ought to
have Lord Grenfell's post. Hence friction,
hence the home district's efforts to retain
control of royal escorts and such trifles as
the military features of London processions.

Lord Grenfell, so it is rumoured, has seen
Lord Roberts, and threatened to resign unless
it be clearly understood that the Home Dis-
trict Office is entirely subordinate to
Almoner's House, St. James's—the head-
quarters of the Army Corps.
Lord Grenfell is now awaiting a reply.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

The statement that a convention is on the
point of being signed by Great Britain and
France for the settlement of all colonial ques-
tions affecting the two countries is denied.
Reuter says it is semi-officially announced that
while negotiations have been in progress for
some time between the two Powers with a view
to the removal of the difficulties dividing them,
it is premature to speak of the signature of a
convention as impending.

MASCAGNI SHUTS UP SHOP.

Mascagni has been lecturing in Venice on
Wagner and on Italian melodrama. According
to the "Wiener Extrablatt" the composer said
to his audience at the close of the conference,
"I have closed my shop, and shall never com-
pose again."

Lieut.-General Sir Robert Grant, G.C.B.,
died yesterday at his residence, 14, Gran-
ville-place, Portman-square, W.

FIVE TIMES WIDOWED.

Lady of Twenty-seven Marriages
Her Sixth Husband.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Friday.
Mme. Schmutz, still only twenty-seven
years of age, was married yesterday to her
sixth husband, a German engineer. She has
had a remarkable matrimonial career.

Born at Milan, the daughter of a well-to-do
tradesman, she went with her husband, a
Frenchman, to Paris. He died, and a year
later she married an Englishman, with whom
she went to Bristol. This second husband was
killed in a carriage accident.

Some time after, one of his friends, an
American, proposed and was accepted. The
lady then went with him to New York, where
she spent three happy years; but misfortune
seemed to follow her, and again she was left
a widow.

On her return voyage to Europe a Russian
commercial traveller fell in love with her, and
the couple were married soon after at Lille.
But hardly had she reached Odessa, her new
husband's home, when he caught typhoid fever
and died. While returning to Milan the lady
was wooed and won by a school friend, who
was killed in a mountain accident six months
later.

During the next two years the much-tried
but attractive woman refused three offers of
marriage, but finally she accepted the German
to whom she was quietly married yesterday
on the Swiss-German frontier.

Mme. Schmutz is a tall, handsome woman
with a beautiful figure and a charming
manner. She speaks half a dozen European
languages fluently, having learned them from
her different husbands.

She has no children, and is determined that
if this last matrimonial venture does not prove
of a longer duration than the rest she will
never marry again.

MISS STUDHOLME'S TEETH.

A West End Firm Apologises for a
Misleading Announcement.

Miss Marie Studholme's smile has pleased
many of us. But it has been left for an astute
firm of West End dentists to find even more
than the mere smile in a photograph of the
pretty actress smiling—they found teeth. She
shows her teeth when she smiles. But she
shows her own teeth, and not the artificial
artifice.

The firm in question were not content with
seeing the advantages of the use of Miss Stud-
holme's beautiful features as an advertisement
for dentifrice, but they implied, according to
Miss Studholme, that the art of manufacturing
teeth had something to do with her pearly set.

The lady naturally drew the line here, and
further drew the attention of the firm to the
matter, and they, as befits a West End firm,
have expressed their sorrow in the following
fashion in the advertisement columns of the
"Standard":—

I do hereby humbly and sincerely apologise to
Miss Marie Studholme for having wrongfully and
without her authority used her portrait for advertising
purposes, in a manner calculated to induce persons to
erroneously believe that certain of her front teeth are
missing and have been replaced by false ones, and
I admit that the advertisement so issued by me is
libellous, and I authorise the said Marie Studholme
to insert this apology, my expense, in such public
newspaper or newspapers as she may select.—Dated
December 31, 1903.

£1,000 HIDDEN IN LONDON.

One thousand pounds are about to be put
in the way of the treasure seekers of London
by the proprietors of that famous old paper,
the "Weekly Dispatch," which is just now
renewing its youth.

The Editor of the "Weekly Dispatch" ex-
plains that the scheme is upon a grand scale
and of a kind which gives all ordinary folk a
chance of "picking up" a nice sum of money.
For the last two days a secret emissary of
the "Weekly Dispatch" has been distributing
the treasure in such a manner that all may
have an equal chance of finding it.

The £1,000 has been divided into twenty
portions, and £50 will be hidden in twenty
places. The secret emissary of the paper will
leave in places known only to himself, and
in pursuit of a plan designed to give every
district a fair chance, metal discs suitably
inscribed and enclosed in small boxes, which
upon presentation to the manager of the
paper by the finder will be honoured either in
cheque, bank notes, or gold, as the lucky one
prefers.

The treasure scatterer is strictly instructed
not to make the hunt too easy, nor too hard.
The discs will be so concealed that digging
and hoeing will be needless, neither will pick-
axes or trowels be necessary. The money
tokens are buried quite lightly, and in all
cases only a few inches deep.

Clues to all the "spots" will be published in
Sunday's "Weekly Dispatch."

PRISONERS CLEVERER THAN COUNSEL.

Mr. Robson, K.C., has a poor opinion of
some members of his profession.
Addressing the grand jury in his capacity
of Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he alluded
to the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act. It would
not, he said, make much difference, as some
prisoners liked to defend themselves and
were more able to do so than barristers en-
gaged to defend them.

MALE DRESS REFORM.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM PLEADS
ELOQUENTLY FOR A LEAD.

The vexed question of male attire, dull,
lugubrious, and void of personality, brought
together a select assembly of experts, ama-
teurs and professionals, at a hotel not many
miles from Fleet-street late last night.

Mr. Lee Campbell, a noted exquisite, the
inventor of the turn-back cuff, of the union
jacket, of the plate-glass button, and the
quilted waistcoat, presided, wearing a Cinga-
lese bracelet, a dark yet finely-modelled suit,
a necktie dyed to a shade of red of which he
alone has the secret. His rings were in tour-
maline, moonstone, and blue diamonds.

The object of the gathering was to find some
solution of the masculine dress difficulty.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, who opened the debate,
confessed at once to a lack of courage. He
admitted to indulging a rich fancy in under-
wear, but the curiosity and brutal attention
of the mob had hitherto prevented him from
repeating the symphonies invented by him-
self and executed by his hosiery upon his outer
envelope.

Not Enough Courage.

He pleaded for a lead. If a hundred men
would go to their tailors and order what they
liked and have it cut as they liked, without
regard to any prevailing mode or circum-
stance; if a hundred men would be them-
selves, he said, he, too, would take his courage
in both hands and startle Bond-street. He
had ideas, he had credit, he had everything
necessary to the production of creations un-
rivalled since the days of the macaronis, fops,
and dandies; but he simply dared not.

He instanced the Georgian and Early Vic-
torian beaus, each of whom had the courage
of his convictions. He would dress his hair
as he liked, grow his beard as he liked, but
the company present must give him a lead:—

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
This is my own native head.

So much for the matter of hair, beard,
whiskers, head-gear, earrings, and cosmetics.
And as for the rest, who could tell one
Englishman from another? A straw hat and
a flannel suit in the summer; a tweed cap and
tweed suit in the winter. We were as alike
as Chinamen, without the picturesque accom-
paniments of yellow jackets, pigtails, and
muted boots.

The Garb of Night.

Mr. Carruthers Gould ("F. C. G."), of the
"Westminster Gazette" spoke of the delin-
quencies of statesmen who made one frock-
coat do the work of two and often three. Even
an orchid could not dissipate the effect of
frayed elbows; even a passion for golf could
not neutralise the violence of trousers that
bagged at the knees. In feeling terms he
referred to the monotony of evening dress.

If your wife were only made subservient to
your own colour scheme you could go out
to dinner in puce or aquamarine, sure of a
without a fitting background."

Mr. Emmanuel, of "Punch," then confessed
to getting his own back in the matter of
pyjamas. A fire, he said, would find him the
wonder and the envy of the fashionable
world. He longed for one; preferably at a
smart hotel, where the reporters of the Press
would be sure to find him out. By day, he
said, we may be sombre, Puritan; by night,
man, even man, may, if he will, appear a
dream.

CUPID'S LICENCE.

Mr. Plowden could not refuse. For one
thing she was a very pretty little girl, and for
another she wanted to play Cupid in a new
ballet entitled "All the Year Round," which
will be produced at the Alhambra Theatre on
January 1.

So Clarisse Henry, aged thirteen, left Marl-
borough-street Police Court yesterday smiling
very happily, for the magistrate had granted
the necessary licence. And other people will
be pleased also, for Clarisse is a particular
favourite with London audiences.

CITY MORE CHEERFUL.

There was less anxious feeling on the Stock Exchange
yesterday, at any rate during the morning; in fact the
tone was quite cheerful until near the close, on various
favourable rumours, none of which was confirmed.

Consols were late in opening, a good deal of un-
certainty being felt as to the proper quotation to make,
some dealers quoting 87 and others 87½ at the
same time. After a while the latter price was bid,
and the stock advanced to over 87½. It was, however,
suspected that Consols were put higher to help the fresh
issue of Local Loans stock in the afternoon, which pro-
mised at one time to be a fiasco. The loan was, how-
ever, just covered by strenuous efforts on the part of the
Post Office and the banks. Consols promptly fell to 87½
on the result of the issue, and caused a weaker close
in other sections of the "House."

In the Foreign market Japanese, Chinese, and Russian
bonds had been strong and active during the morning
on continued buying, but the close was at moderate
concessions from the best.

Home Railway stocks were rather more cheerful in
tone, but the public demand was small and best prices
were not maintained. American, Canadian, and Foreign
railway stocks showed rather more backbone and fair
gains were shown at the finish in the majority of stocks,
though the last prices were not the best.
In the Miscellaneous market London Dock stocks were
in better demand and Hudson's Bays were rather firmer.
South Africa after a dull start, soon showed con-
siderable activity on the attempts of the short interest
to buy back their shares. Gains of 1 to 4 were estab-
lished at one time in the leading shares, but the close
was weak, on pessimistic talk regarding the Far Eastern
crisis, a more unfavourable view being taken of the matter
in the City circles. West African shares were
steady but lifeless, but a few Westralian shares, scored
advances, while others lost the earlier improvement.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Bookmaker Who Makes
Homes Fireless and Babies
To Scratch for Coal.

His persistence is worthy of a better cause. He is the bookmaker of the neighbourhood and the curse of the parish. He stands there regularly, unblushingly and openly, at the corner of the street, in West Ham, as though it were a licensed newspaper pitch.

All day long women, growing lads, and children scarcely beyond babyhood, come up to him with their own, or their mothers', little packets of pence, and, unfortunately, of shillings taken from the husbands' wages, thus leaving the children at home absolutely without food. They get their little paper and go on.

He has been fined again, and again, and again, but invariably returns to his pitch as usual the following morning.

Fines have no Effect.

A brother-professional, supposed to be his partner, drives round and round the parish in a smart trap, merely "going slow," when some woman beckons to him. He can't even be fined, for he never comes down from his trap, and a "trap" is not "a place"!

"Yes," say the authorities at Scotland Yard, "we know all about them, and we know them very well, and we know it is all true. The very fact of his utter indifference to the repeatedly inflicted fine shows the amount of his business there, and the harm he must be working. But while West Ham will do nothing to increase the stringency of its bye-laws, we have no power to arrest him nor to increase the fine, and he knows it!"

Scarcely a stone's throw from the bookmaker's pitch the authorities are mending the road over the bridge. Another cartful of gasworks' refuse had just been emptied there yesterday afternoon and levelled preparatory to being soaked in with tar.

Hardly was it down before two groups of quite small, scantily-clad children, five on one side of the road and eight on the other, were down on their grimy knees, scratching and scraping like chickens, with blue, frozen hands, for the tiny fragments of coal and kinder it contained. Some of them had brought bits of newspaper to hold it, some put it in their pockets or turned up their pinafores.

Wake Up! West Ham!

One enterprising little girl had brought a basket, and after a long period of earnest, busy scraping she had at the bottom of the basket possibly a breakfast-cupful of very small scraps of coal, none of them larger than ordinary knobs of sugar!

"I'm gettin' it for muvver, 'cause we 'aven't got no fire to-day," was the perished-looking house-manager's explanation, and she could have been above six or seven years old.

It is children like these, and fireless homes like theirs, that the bookmaker over the way is impoverishing so cruelly—the bookmaker with whom no one can deal until West Ham awakes from its lethargy and amends its by-law into effectiveness!

Can anybody help to rouse West Ham? Or to make the corner uncomfortable?

Boycotting
Protestants.HOW IRELAND IS THREATENED WITH
A NEW DANGER.

PRIESTS' IGNORANT BIGOTRY.

Just at the time when everyone is hoping that Ireland is about to settle down to a period of peace and prosperity it is alarming to discover evidence of a new movement which threatens the revival of the religious enmity and the destruction of trade.

Speaking in Dublin on Tuesday, Mr. Campbell, the Solicitor-General for Ireland, described with considerable indignation the methods and recommendations of the "Catholic Association," a body which has recently issued a handbook urging Catholics to trade with and employ only their co-religionists.

"One of the worst indications of the present time," said Mr. Campbell, "has been the starting of this organisation. Not because of the objects which it avows, for there is no harm in them, but because of the methods that are to be adopted, and the recommendations, which I know are being carried out, of having as spies in every public department, in every commercial company in this city, in every circle of trade and commerce, men who are to send in secret reports to the heads of this organisation."

A Business War.

Protestant traders in the south and west of Ireland, writes the Cork correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*, have already felt the action of this association. They allege that it is driving them out of trade, and making it impossible for them to assist in the renaissance of industrial Ireland.

"We do not look at this as a religious war," said a leading Protestant manufacturer in

FATE'S "PIN PRICKS."

The Latest Parisian Form of the
Black Art.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Friday.

Here, in France, the black art numbers its worshippers by thousands. The followers of Cagliostro find the seeing of visions and dreaming of dreams most lucrative professions, and their ingenuity in devising new means of piercing the veil which separates the present from the future seems without bounds or limit. Yesterday it was crystal-gazing, to-day it is "la Belonidomantie" to which the seekers after hidden things pin their faith, and the one and only exponent of its mysteries is considered "all that there is of the most chic."

The method by which the "Belonidomanteuse," reveals the secrets of the past, future, and present is trivial in its simplicity. A number of tiny pins are thrown on to a velvet cloth. The position in which they fall is determined by the unseen magnet of fortune, to whose fateful poles of luck or misfortune the pins are drawn by an irresistible occult force. "La Belonidomanteuse," thanks to the magic power which she claims, is able to interpret the language of the pin points for her anxiously waiting clients—a task which must require as much penetration as the serious problem concerning the angels and the needle's point.

WARM HEART UNDER THE BLUE COAT.

Mr. Gilbert long ago spoke of the human side of the policeman, and showed how his blue coat hides a heart susceptible to the kinder emotions.

Still more striking proof was given at the Guildhall yesterday. A member of the City Police caught a man in the act of stealing a case of butter. The thief said, "What is a man to do? I have no food in the house, and I cannot see my wife and children starve." The policeman found the man's wife was ill, there were three children, and there was no food or fuel in the house, so he assisted the family out of his own pocket, buying bread and milk for them.

Alderman Burnett told him his conduct reflected great credit on him and on the force generally.

"MAJOR MCPHEE, M.P." OUT OF THE BILL.

"Major McPhee, M.P." is the third musical sketch to come under the magisterial ban as infringing the rights of the theatres.

It has been played at the South London Music-Hall, and yesterday the Southwark magistrate imposed a penalty of £25 4s., including costs. In previous cases the Theatrical Managers' Association had been the prosecutors, but the prosecution in this instance was a private one, on behalf of the Elephant and Castle Theatre, on the ground that such a performance as "Major McPhee, M.P.," seriously affected the theatre business.

Mr. Bodkin, for the prosecution, gave an amusing description of the production as a domestic comedy-drama of marital jealousy and the taming of the husband, which held the stage for twenty minutes.

Cork yesterday, "but as a business war. We have plenty of evidence to prove that the Catholic clergy are working to prevent any association between Catholics and Protestants. No Catholic girl is allowed to take service in a Protestant family, and if in a Catholic family when she goes to confession she is asked whether she is sent by her mistress to buy things at a Protestant shop. If she is, the mistress is bound to hear about it sooner or later. Husbands are told to warn their wives not to let their servants associate with Protestants in this way. "Steady pressure is being brought," said another Cork man, whose family has lived here for many generations, "to drive Protestants out of all share in local government. If the Catholic Association succeeds it will be a terrible day for Ireland. Whatever spirit of industry and progress there is in the south and west has been brought by Protestant immigrants, Scotchmen, and Englishmen, to say nothing of the old strain of Huguenot blood which can still be found in some of our leading Protestant families."

The Modern Parish Priest.

"I ascribe this new and narrow-minded movement this growing spirit of intolerance," said one of the Protestant clergy of Cork, discussing the same subject, "to the fact that the Catholic clergy of to-day are taken straight from the land, educated at Maynooth, and sent back again without any knowledge of the world, full of sectarian bitterness and hatred of all Protestants. In the old days the parish priest was hail-fellow-well-met, would talk to the Protestant clergy, and was not afraid to be seen with us anywhere. Such men have almost disappeared. To-day, if I get in a railway carriage with a parish priest he will shrink up into a corner with a look of disgust on his face and endeavour to hide himself behind a Catholic newspaper."

"Mr. Campbell's protest is not a day too soon. He is quite right when he says that if Irish affairs are to be run on lines of this kind all the economic schemes, land purchase, education, etc., will fail. A religious boycott such as this will complete the ruin of Ireland."

GARROTTED, BUT LIVED.

The Law is Sorry, but it Cannot
Recognise Them.

Four men were recently garrotted with a strangulation garrote for murder. The execution took place in the Philippines. The bodies were left in the machine for four hours, and were then laid upon the floor of the church, that the relatives might claim them and take them away. The provincial surgeon certified to their death, and the judge gave the seal of judicial approval.

Some three hours later two constabulary officers entered the church to see if the bodies had been claimed. They were horrified to find that three of the criminals were still alive and asking for water. Water and restoratives were applied freely, the men were unbound, and were soon able to be removed by their friends. The fourth had already been removed and was really dead.

One of the other three has since died from the shock and exhaustion. The remaining two, at latest reports, were convalescing and may live for years to come. But it is written on the court records of their native province that they are dead, having paid with their lives for the crime of murder.

"The law," it is declared, "can neither punish them again, nor can it recognise their existence."

SELF-DIGGED GRAVE.

Two superstitious cottagers at Arad (writes our Vienna Correspondent) believed that on the third night of the new year they would be successful in digging up the buried treasure of a neighbouring farmer.

Accordingly, at the stroke of twelve, they began their work in the absence of the farmer, who had gone to spend an hour or two with a friend. On his return, at 1.30 a.m., he heard a noise, and fetching his gun, fired several shots out of the window.

Loud cries followed, and when the farmer went with his servants to see what had happened, he found both would-be treasure finders lying dead in the pit which they themselves had made.

"RUNG UP" BEFORE MURDER.

It is not often a man is "rung up" on the telephone to witness—the expression permissible?—a murder. This was the unusual feature in a strange crime that has occurred at Minneapolis.

A bar-tender named Garfield rang up a friend on the telephone and told him to listen, as there was "something doing." To the friend's horror he heard the sound of revolver-firing and the shrieks of a woman.

He notified the police, who on going to the scene found Garfield and his wife shot dead. The man had evidently killed the woman and then committed suicide.

SEALSKINS MAY BE CHEAPER.

Ladies who cannot afford a sealskin jacket may now take heart.

Before long the coveted fur may be at a bargain price. A society has been formed in the United States to stock Lake Superior with fur-bearing seals. The promoters intend to turn loose ten male and forty female seals. These, they calculate, will have become before twenty years are gone 1,900 at least.

The Prince
of Plagiarists.SOME DUMAS STORIES TRANSLATED
FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE NOVELS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Newly Translated by Alfred Allinson. (Methuen. 6s.)

The altogether beautiful, clearly printed, soundly translated, strongly bound sixpenny edition of the Dumas novels which is being issued by Messrs. Methuen is proving strictly true to its promises. Not only are the well-known old favourites among those immortal stories being given to the greater public in the most attractive guise possible, but the edition is unfolding riches that most English people have never yet heard of.

In the latest batch, for instance, is included "Cecile," the delightfully innocent, pretty, and proper little story about a heroine who was so poor that she had to find a buyer for her own wedding gown. So entirely sweet and respectable, not to say prim, is this simple tale, that it was said that in it Dumas was trying to imitate Mrs. Edgeworth.

The Dumas Factory.

The only unfortunate point about this pleasant notion is that a much simpler solution of the problem of its modesty is found in the extreme doubt that exists as to whether Dumas wrote it at all—or at least as to whether he wrote anything more than the first few pages.

Indeed, as regards another novel in the same batch, namely, "The Castle of Eppstein," there is hardly the shadow of a doubt that it was "cribbed" from, or, to put it more mildly, "inspired" by, a German romance of August Lafontaine's.

One of the stories, however, that is now for the first time translated into English—and an excellent one, too—is undoubtedly a piece of writing as genuine as any that were in the habit of being sent forth from the Dumas romance-shop. This is "Crop-Eared Jac-

CHEAP CABLES.

Invention Which Will Revolu-
tionise Ocean Tele-
graphy.

The invention of a speedy instrument for cable telegraphy promises to lead to an immense reduction in the present rates. If the tests made can be relied on it should, says the "Westminster," be no more costly to telegraph to America than to France.

Under the present system the best laid cable, after the lapse of forty or fifty years, becomes quite worthless, and there are no fewer than four abandoned cables between Europe and America.

The new instrument was tested with a cable nearly twenty years old, which, under favorable circumstances, would not yield better results than about twenty words a minute. As soon as the new instrument had been connected, messages could be received at once at a speed of more than 150 letters a minute.

The new recorder may popularly be described as a column of mercury, which by moving in a horizontal direction passes to the right or left of a central line, and thereby conveys intelligible signals. The movements are too rapid for the untrained eye, and the instrument will have to be combined with a dark room arrangement for taking photographic records of the signals as they appear.

KAISER'S SON TO VISIT ST. LOUIS.

Prince Eitel Friedrich, the Kaiser's second son, who is now twenty years old, is said to be going to St. Louis that he may see the Exhibition and study the ways and whims of the American military inventions.

The Kaiser's attention has been drawn to the fact, so says rumour in military circles in Germany, that various inventions might be well utilised for the benefit of the German field and commissariat appliances. So with a characteristic impetuosity he has selected a commission of officers who will visit the Exposition and report. With them, it is expected, Prince Eitel "will go."

The Education Department will send an important delegation also, but it is not supposed that Prince Eitel will avail himself of their services.

A NEW FREE TRADE PAPER.

A new penny weekly paper, in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, will shortly be started in London, under the auspices of the leading Labour and Co-operative organisations. It will be named "The Tribune," and is to be directed by Mr. E. B. Clegg, standing counsel to the Trade Union Congress, and Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the Chamberlain gress.

MORE JUDICIAL INNOCENCE.

The Clerkenwell County Court judge has never heard of "forking-out" money.

When a defendant yesterday used the phrase, his Honour at once intervened, "know," he said, "bankers use shovels, but one uses forks that I know of."

The Defendant: It was a mere expression of slang. His Honour: Then in future talk English, not slang, when in a court of law.

quot," a Russian story, written just after Dumas had returned from a tour in Russia, and one which should have a particular popularity just now, when the paw of the Bear is the sign of the times.

None the less, whatever Dumas wrote, whatever he did not write, he managed to get to everything that he put his name to, a magic touch that justified his claim quite sufficiently. After all, if he writes only the introduction, one usually finds that it is the introduction that gives life to the whole of the story.

All for One and One for All.

With this latest consignment of sixpenny treasures arrives an admirably bound volume at half-a-crown, including the three volumes which contain the never-to-be-forgotten adventures of "The Three Musketeers," and Andrew Lang's introduction. It displays the Dumas spirit, and showing D'Artagnan his sword pointing proudly towards Paris upon his sword-nag. The volume is large and generous, and contains the "Three Musketeers" in full, but it is as light as the heart of D'Artagnan himself.

THE VIRTUE OF PROXIMITY.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is to be a Progressive candidate, "with qualifications," for South St. Pancras at the coming County Council election, says he has no objection to be in Parliament. "It is just across the road from where I live."

MANUFACTURED SHAKESPEARE PORTRAITS. "The Academy" publishes an interesting "composite" portrait of Shakespeare, made by the Chandos, Droeshout, Jansen, Stradanus, and Felton portraits and the Stratford portrait. The experiment shows that running through these very varied likenesses there is a striking similarity of feature.

What have our M.P.'s interested in the liquor traffic been drinking during the session? We are promised a pure malt whisky bill next session.



Self-Defence With an Umbrella.

HINTS FOR WOMEN WHO TRAVEL ALONE.

The dangers unprotected ladies incur when they travel alone was not long ago strikingly illustrated by a terrible assault perpetrated in a railway train.

It is all very well to tender advice, which in everyday life is almost impossible to act upon, recommending ladies never to travel alone, nor walk down lonely lanes or rough neighbourhoods unattended by a male escort.

Modern conditions make advice of this

dangerous weapon of the hooligan, a studded belt.

Even if he does this there is no reason for the mistress of umbrella self-defence to feel alarmed. Let her regard him steadily, and place her left arm at an angle, and advance it to meet the descending belt.

If she thus meets the blow the belt will coil round her arm without hurting her in the slightest, and then, while she clutches the wrist of her assailant, she thrusts the umbrella with all her force into his neck.

The rough is not living who can survive a second experience of this nature, and with experience a lady can hold at bay not one but two or three assailants.

Imparts Grace and Suppleness.

This exercise imparts to its votaries great suppleness and gives to the figure that erectness and grace which only fencers can hope to obtain.

It was mainly for the gracefulness of contour which fencing gives that popularised the foils amongst ladies and caused such noted exponents of the art as Miss Annie Lowther and Miss Esmé Beringer to be the envy of all observers.

Beyond this, fencing has no practical use, but, when the principles of swordsmanship are applied to the umbrella, the woman who has become mistress of the art will feel a sense of security when travelling or alone

that hitherto even the bravest of the fair sex have been strangers to.

SUNNY SKIES.

WINTER RESORTS FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS PURSE.

As opposed to Egypt and the fashionable Riviera resorts where the wealthy congregate at this season of the year, far from fogs and dismal weather, there are many Continental centres that are not hackneyed, and are healthy and charming, where visitors of limited means may find a pleasant winter harbourage.

Malta is rapidly rising in winter favour, especially with those bringing plenty of introductions. The P. and O. steamers have done

Palermo bears the palm, perhaps, for health purposes, though Syracuse runs it close, so also Taormina. Not many of those who have been there forget the wondrous view of Etna, the Greek theatre, and the Ionian Sea. The realm of the painter par excellence is this lovely island.

Corfu, with its olive trees and sunny climate, is perhaps the most charming of the Ionian group of islands; and has this other attraction for family parties: that good shooting, comprising quail, snipe, and woodcock, can be had by those desiring it. The climate is very equable and warm, and the island is accessible from both Brindisi and Trieste. There is no doubt its accommodation will still more improve as tourists discover its many great beauties. Wonderfully healthy is the verdict passed upon Corfu by, perhaps, the greatest globe-trotter of his day.

The Coasts of Italy.

Then there is another charming resort—Abbazia, near Trieste, easily accessible from Fiume, with scenery tropical in luxuriance, and a truly admirable and healthy climate. Those who have tried it once hark back again, and say each time they value it more as a friend; and yet many tourists who know Venice well have never crossed that silver streak, the Adriatic! Is it not wonderful the boundaries set, to even travelling people, by a gulf, inlet, or bay?

Two places rather widely apart, Alassio and Rapallo, come next on the list. The first is easily placed with regard to San Remo, on the Riviera, with beautiful scenery, and a climate specially favourable to those afflicted with asthmatic affection, though not large enough a place to be swamped by invalids. Orchards of orange trees, a sunny beach, and sheltering hills inland help to form a glorious whole.

Palms and Orange Groves.

Rapallo, on the other hand, is just beyond Genoa, where the rail winds in and out amongst palms and orange groves. The sea is translucent, the views and drives are perfect, and the climate is mild in the extreme. Villas are cropping up, it is true; English tourists are few and far between. Thus here is a truly perfect, quiet invalid winter resort.

In France there are two places that are fairly inexpensive, both of which are fascinating in winter—Bagnères de Luchon and St. Jean de Luz. The scenery of Luchon is quite unrivalled, and the waters are very efficient in cases of rheumatism. St. Jean de Luz, from its accessibility to Biarritz, gains all the social advantages of that charming,

THE KING'S DAIRY.

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN TO SECURE GOOD BUTTER FOR THE COURT.

Miss Mary Child, of Wrexall, near Bristol, has quite settled down to her duties as chief dairymaid at the beautiful royal dairy at Windsor, and it is said that she is a splendid butter maker.

The dairy was built in 1858 under the direction of the Prince Consort, and displaced the old buildings of George III.'s reign, which were not by any means well arranged. The site chosen for the dairy was a plot of dry gravel; the floor is supported on brick arches which have vacant spaces underneath of something like three feet in depth; the external walls are hollow and well ventilated,



She thrusts her umbrella with all her force into his neck.

and asphalted felt covers the roof, and to this the laths which support the tiles are nailed.

Both the floor and the walls are covered with ornamental tiles of beautiful patterns, the walls sustaining a number of majolica bas-reliefs illustrative of agriculture and medallions of the Royal Family. The ceiling, both on its flat and sloping surfaces, is also highly and artistically ornamented in paint and enamel, free passages for air being introduced at numerous points. Ornamental fountains of majolica stand one at each end of the dairy, and a third—a water-nymph pouring water from a jar, worked in statuary marble—occupies the south side.

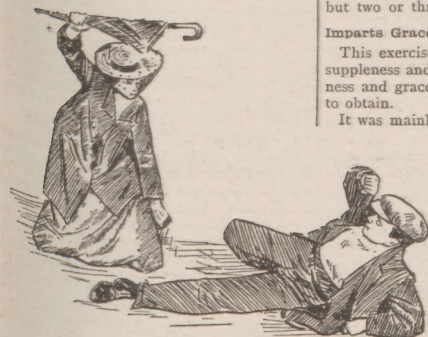
The tables are of white marble, and have frames and supports of coloured marbles, and underneath them are tiled reservoirs through which a constant stream of water can be kept flowing. The windows are of stained glass, on which are delightfully depicted daisies and primroses; and here again ventilation is a primary consideration.

A Superb Establishment.

The exterior of the royal dairy is in the Renaissance style, the windows being formed of Bath stone. A frieze and cornice, with a perforated parapet of a lace-like pattern, surmount the whole building, with the arms of his Majesty at one end and at the other those of the Prince Consort.

A churning-room, scullery, and dairy-woman's cottage protect the dairy on the south side, and an arcade of handsome design serves the same purpose on the west. About two hundred and forty gallons of milk can be dealt with at one time, and in the best manner, in this superb establishment.

An eminent agriculturist a few years ago gave his opinion of the dairy in the following terms:—"Having seen many dairies—the charming chalet of the Queen at Sandringham, the simple dual dairy at Woburn, the pretty and isolated one of Lady Walsingham, and other dairies at home and abroad; having seen, also, many of the great Cathedrals of Europe—Rheims, Tours, Chartres, in France, and others in Spain—yet there are two buildings which always remain apart in my memory as complete temples in themselves for the purposes designed—they are a lace-like chapel interior, in Moorish Valencia, in Spain, and the royal dairy."



Tripped up and at her mercy.

nature impracticable, even if the independence of the modern maid did not rebel against the restrictions which were de rigueur in the days of her grandmother, and the lesson for the lady of to-day to learn is self-reliance, in self-defence, even as in other things.

Unknown to herself almost every woman carries with her a perfect means of protection from either lunatic or hooligan when she walks abroad or travels, in the shape of that inseparable companion of womanhood—an umbrella or parasol!

Match for any Ruffian.

All that is necessary is a little practice in the use of the umbrella, and the self-confidence which knowledge of its potency as a weapon of self-defence will give, for the most delicately-nurtured lady to feel herself more than a match for any cowardly ruffian of the streets.

Madame Vigny, the wife of the well-known maître d'armes, has elaborated a perfect system of self-defence with an umbrella or parasol by combining some of the "wards and thrusts" used in fencing with passes suitable to the make of the umbrella, along with certain throws, similar to those used in Ju-Jitsu or Japanese wrestling, recently described and illustrated in the *Daily Mirror*.

The Purse Snatcher.

Suppose, for instance, a lady is walking along a lonely street carrying a purse in her hand, with her umbrella swinging on her arm. A lurking ruffian suddenly approaches her and snatches her purse from her hand. The correct thing for her to do is to relinquish her hold of the purse, grasp her umbrella about two-thirds of its length from the point, and swing it rapidly towards the fellow's head.

Instinctively he will throw up his arm to ward off the blow, and if he understands boxing will probably strike out with his fist. The lady draws back on her left foot and suddenly, with a dexterous twist of the wrist, lunges forth, as with a rapier, and strikes her assailant with the point of her weapon behind the ear.

Brought to the Ground.

Should he be as strong as Sandow, the conclusion will bring him to the ground, and the lady can then pick up her purse and call for the police, meanwhile mounting guard over her prostrate foe, with her umbrella firmly grasped ready to strike again should the occasion require it.

Suppose, on the other hand, that the purse is off rapidly snatched that the fellow is making off with his booty before the lady has time to perform the evolutions described above.

Nothing is simpler than to "hook" him by the ankle as he is running off, and bring him to the ground in confusion. Should he prove to be a really desperate fellow, he will probably have recourse to that



Rendered helpless

much to promote the influx of visitors, and there is, apart from this, a daily steamer service connecting this place with Syracuse, so that they who like may soon fit out to that lovely spot. Weekly steamers go to Tunis, which province the railway is now so greatly opening up, and which, with its fine new hotel, managed in the interests of tourists, is also coming into winter favour.

Syracuse and Palermo attract now far more visitors than they did twenty years ago.

bracing resort. Its situation is, however, more sheltered, and the expenses much less; and its literary associations are great, for it was one of the scenes of the Peninsular War, and that charming old-world book, Grieg's "Subaltern," has immortalised St. Jean de Luz with a halo of historical romance. It has pleasant society, good cycling roads, and a very bright climate, and may safely be included also in the list of "reasonable resorts for small incomes."



A quick stroke with the point.



When a thief snatches a lady's purse she may force him to drop it by a quick blow.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-DAY, at 5, and TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30 by *THE WIDOW WOOD*.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.

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MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS.
TO-DAY at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
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Box Office 10 to 10. IMPERIAL, Westminster.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
MR. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE
MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of *OLD*
HEIDELBERG will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash—Catchpole and
Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels in any amount.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.
BRIDGE—Barton's Problem Diagram (Copyright)—Psd., 50
Diagrams, 1s. post free—Barton, Collyhurst, Manchester.
TROUBLE, time, and temper savor. "Hinde's" delightful
little wavers.
HINDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style culture.
SEEGER'S DYE.—All shades; washable; permanent. Hair-
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CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY
YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired
they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR.
We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally
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agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.
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Corsets made to measure in three days from 3s. 6d.
Please mention "Daily Mirror."

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TIMES that of all foreign hair dyes collected.
Medical guarantee with each bottle. State shade
required. Bottles 2s., packed plain wrapper, post free,
2s. 2d. Trial Box sent free, 7d.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.

HINDE'S (Curlers), LTD. 1, Tabernacle-street, London.

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BIRTHS.

ABERCROMBIE—On the 6th inst., at 23, Upper Wimpole-
street, the wife of John Abercrombie, M.D., of a son.
BURNLEY—On Jan. 7, at Arkley Close, Barnet, the wife
of A. C. Burnley, of a son.
HARRISON—On Jan. 5, at Emery House, Bishop's Stort-
ford, the wife of Horatio Harrison, of a daughter.
JAMES—On Jan. 6, at 14, South Audley-street, W., Lady
Evelyn James, of a son.
WACE—On Jan. 5, at Walcot, Winchester, the wife of
Cyril Wace, F.R.C.S., of a daughter.
WALKER—On Jan. 6, at 24, Burlington-gardens, Acton, W.,
the wife of AUSTIN C. Walker, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CHARTERIS-BUCHANAN-RIDDELL—On the Festival
of the Epiphany, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge,
by the Rev. Preliminary H. M. Villiers, assisted by the
Rev. Canon F. A. J. Hervey and Rev. W. B. Hankey,
Miss Keppel Charteris, the third daughter of the late
Lady Louisa and the late Captain Hon. Frederick C.
Charteris, R.N., to Katharine Margaret, eldest daughter
of Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Ridell.
LANGMAN-LYELL—On the 5th inst., at St. Nicholas,
Brighton, by the Rev. Canon Wood, Archie Lawrence
Langman, C.M.G., Major, Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry,
only son of John L. Langman, of 6, Stanhope-terrace,
Hyde Park, to Mary Katherine, younger daughter of
Sir Leonard Lyell, Bart., of Kinross, Kilmuir, N.B.
SHELLON-AGAR—On the 5th inst., at 1, Dundas-
street, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Rev. Jas. McGregor,
D.D., W. (Dick), son of the late J. Shelton-Agar, of
Mount Temple, Ceylon, to Mary, widow of Peter Houston,
Groomer, and daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Robertson,
of Louisa Hill, Edinburgh, at 15, Gt. King-street, Edin-
burgh, and of Mrs. Robertson, J. Dundas-street.

DEATHS.

BOWEN—On the 5th inst., at Barbato, Pistoia, Italy,
Julia Louisa Bowen, widow of the late Captain Percy
S. Bowen, Master, R.N., and only child of the late
Colonel William John Wilson, Madras Army.
DARKE—On Jan. 5, at 24, St. George's, Clapham, Fitts-
road, Philip Darke, M.R.C.S., aged 73.
DE COETLOGON—On Jan. 5, at Bournefontaine, the Rev.
Charles Prosper de Coetlogon, Rector of Stoke Xalmage,
Orleans, in his 69th year.
MILNES—On Jan. 5, Elizabeth, wife of William Henry
Milnes, of Green House, St. John's, Wakefield, aged 74
years.
NAPIER—On Jan. 5, at Koorine, Kalangadoo, South Aus-
tralia, the residence of her father, Adelaide Mary, the
wife of Captain G. F. Napier, late Oxfordshire Light In-
fantry, and daughter of the Hon. George Riddoch.
SMITH—On Jan. 4, at General Sir Charles Felix Smith,
K.C.B., of acute pneumonia.
TILLING—On the 7th inst., at Perryhall, Gifford, Emma
Sophia, widow of the late Thomas Tilling, a her 73d
year. No flowers, by request.
TRIFFERY—On Jan. 6, in London, Ada, the beloved wife
of Joseph T. Triffery.
WADDLE—On Dec. 23, 1903, at her residence, Beacon's
View, Brocon, Harriet Glascock Waddle.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
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2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
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TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.
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their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped
addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed
plainly to the Editors, the *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-
street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on
the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manu-
scripts should have the writer's name and address written
on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on
fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accom-
pany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

"All Men for the State."

If the result of the Mid-Devon election
should have the effect of throwing
the Duke into the arms of the "Why not let
it alone" party, we should not grudge that
party their increased voting strength in the
constituency. After Lewisham and Dul-
wich, we need not in any case feel at all
disheartened about Mr. Eve's return. But
it would, indeed, be a blessing in disguise
if it helped the Duke to make up his mind
to change sides at once, as Rumour will
have it he intends to do before long.

It is quite possible, of course, that
Rumour bases itself upon nothing more solid
than the very interesting and outspoken
article in the "National Review" for this
month. The writer of that article called it
"The New Leader of the Opposition," and
hinted that the Duke had been in secret
communication with Lord Rosebery and
other Liberal leaders. What more natural
than for an enterprising journal in search
of a sensation to go a step further, turn the
"National Review" suggestion into a fact,
and boldly declare that the secret communi-
cations had had their desired result?

The Duke has neither admitted nor
denied the truth of the statement made with
so much assurance on Thursday. There is
still room for hope, therefore, that he may
deal the first death-blow to the disorganised
Liberal Party by joining it. What would
be found to result would be still further
disorganisation. The Nonconformist Con-
science would have to put up with the Edu-
cation Acts, and the feeble attempt that
has been made to turn to account the cen-
sure of the War Commission would have to
be entirely dropped. For the Duke was
one of the Ministers chiefly responsible both
for the wretched muddle which the Govern-
ment made of the war and for the surrender
to the Church in the matter of the schools.

Furthermore, the nation would at last be
able to understand that the leaders of the
Liberals were men from whom no one had
anything either to hope or to fear. The ad-
vanced Radical wing (of whom there is
some hope) would probably break away alto-
gether. No doubt, the Duke would have
the support of Mr. Winston Churchill and
possibly of Lord Hugh Cecil, though how
the former could mix with Liberalism (as at
present understood) his army reform en-
thusiasm, or the latter his High Church
fanaticism, it is difficult to see. Lord
George Hamilton, too, might perhaps
take his chance of getting back into some
office or another by enlisting under the dual
banner. But what sort of a bedfellow would
Mr. Lloyd-George be found by these dis-
tinguished advocates of the policy of "let
'em all come"? And, more important

query still, what would Mr. Lloyd-George
think of them?

However, the sooner the break-up of the
present party system happens, the sooner
will honest men come by their own, and the
sooner will the nation get its affairs more
efficiently administered. So patriots must
hope with all their hearts that the Duke will
take, without delay, the step which must
bring that break-up even a good deal nearer
than it is at present.

NO ROOM FOR MISTAKES.

The news that the explosion on the
Wallaroo is very much less serious than was
at first announced has come as a great re-
lief; and much as we deplore the fact that
four men were killed and three injured, the
disaster seems slight by comparison with
the first announcement that there had been
forty-three casualties. The mistake, the
first correction of which came through a
Press correspondent, is said to have been
due to the faulty reading of the Wallaroo's
signal. A great deal of unnecessary
anxiety and suffering to friends of mem-
bers of the ship's company was thus caused,
since it was naturally assumed that at least
all those on duty in the stokehold, and
possibly in the engine-room also, had
suffered in the disaster.

This unnecessary anxiety is, however, in
our opinion, not the most serious element
in the blunder. If this had happened in
the Army it would have been no more than
people have come to expect, and the War
Office would doubtless have got the blame.
It would also, doubtless, have been
pointed out how differently the Admiralty
would have managed things. This lapse,
however, reminds us that the Navy has,
perhaps, only escaped universal public
criticism because there has been no great
war to expose its weaknesses. We de-
voutly hope that this is a mistaken view;
but the incident gives us "furiously to
think," as the French say.

Suppose that an admiral signalled for
more ships or for men, and instead had
blankets or tins of grey paint sent him. It
might be a very serious thing, but it would
only have been owing to "the faulty read-
ing of a signal."

WANTED, A (Haus) MAN(n)!

Mr. Stephen Sellon did something to help
the traffic problem of London to a solution
when, in his evidence before the Traffic
Commission yesterday, he urged the crea-
tion of a single tribunal to deal with Lon-
don traffic as a whole. He suggested, in-
deed, that the present Light Railway Com-
mission, if augmented by four or five mem-
bers, would serve the purpose. We should
be inclined to suggest an even smaller con-
trolling body, for in matters of this kind
the larger a commission is, it acts the more
slowly, and not always the more efficiently.

Why should we not be able to find one
man who could devote his sole time and
attention to dealing with London traffic as
a whole? The present conditions are in-
tolerable, and are rapidly becoming
impossible. As matters at present stand,
almost any local authority can obtain power
for the construction of tramways or light
railways without consideration of what
another local authority may be doing in the
same direction; and if this were to go on
indefinitely we should soon have London
honeycombed with "tubes" and other rail-
ways running in opposition to each other,
and not at all in the interests of the public
as a whole.

If we could have a Hausmann, or, in-
deed, any competent man to deal with this
most important question, its chief diffi-
culties would soon be straightened out.
For such a man, when he does appear, the
Traffic Commission is, in the meantime,
accumulating a mass of valuable evidence.

SLAVES TO BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES.

The lack of consideration shown by eight
bridesmaids who had deferred giving orders
for their dresses until they came up from
the country to do their Christmas shopping
was put forward in defence of Miss Fanny
Corcoran, of Blandford-street, a dressmaker,
who was summoned at Marylebone under the
Factory Act.

An inspector stated that she had kept some
of her assistants at work for as much as
twenty-four consecutive hours, with only one
and a half hours' interval for meals. One of
the young women also had on the day pre-
vious to this worked from 8.30 a.m. until
10 p.m. with only short intervals.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, the magistrate, in im-
posing heavy fines, described the defendant's
conduct as almost inhuman, and said it was
almost incredible that she should have treated
her own sex in such a way. It was the very
worst case he had ever had before him.

THE YELLOW
DANGER.REMARKABLE EFFECT ON SMART
SOCIETY OF MR. TREE'S
NEW PLAY.

It was in the billiard-room of a West End
club that I received the first hint of the new
"yellow danger." Young Tenterden, of the
Guards, was just leaving the room, and in-
stead of his usual cheery "Good-night!" he
faced about at the door, and, bowing twice
from the hips, wailed out, in a rich tenor
voice, the words, "Sayonara! Sayonara!"

Desmond, who had been playing a hundred
up with Tenterden, stood facing him with
his cue held in both hands horizontally, the
middle touching his forehead. He returned
Tenterden's bows stiffly, and the latter turned
and left the room.

"What's all this?" I gasped. "Is this the
result of our alliance with Japan or—"
"Lord, no," answered Desmond; "it's only
the way they talk in the new play at His
Majesty's. It is honourably stupid, of course,
but when everyone does it one is despatched
obliged to follow suit. I believe Lady Molly
started it."

The Very Latest.

Now, Lady Molly is an old friend of mine,
but when I called on her the following after-
noon it was in the character of a man with
a grievance. That feeling was not lessened
when she deliberately ignored my hand and
made me an elaborate Eastern curtsy.

"How do you do?" I said snappishly.
"I break my bones towards you," said she,
with a faint suspicion of a lip in her drawing
tones. "Do you eat and sleep happily well?"

"For goodness' sake, drop this nonsense!" I
exclaimed, rudely, "I haven't seen you for
months, and you must needs begin with
this ridiculous affected jargon, which is un-
christian, not to say vulgar, and will make
you the laughing-stock of London."

"Ai, Ai!" wailed Lady Molly, "my high-
scented friend is pleased to be augustly angry.
Oh, Shaka!" she continued, placing her little
hands together, and raising the eyes that have
done such execution among the youth of her
extensive acquaintance devoutly towards
heaven, "grant that the playmate of my youth
may be less short in his honourable temper!"

She made such a bewitching picture that
I was really very hard to go on being angry,
but I have been worsted so often in encour-
ters with Lady Molly that I felt disinclined to
surrender too easily.

"I wonder," I said, with, perhaps, a shade
less severity of tone, "that since you have
developed such a taste for play-acting, you do
not do the thing properly, and dress the part."

What Would Rita Say?

"My kimono comes to-day from Paris. It
oh abjectly highly-scented friend of my
childhood; and in it I shall look, ah! so
lovely that even you will be able to frown no
longer. Say so, say so!" and she tapped me
with a ridiculous penny Japanese fan which
she carried.

"Look here," I said, ruffling, "if you use
that absurd and offensive term to me again,
I shall take it that you do not desire the
pleasure of my further acquaintance. I won't
stand it."

"Very abjectly may I speak?" asked Lady
Molly, resuming her devotional aspect.

"Go on," I said, "but let me remind you
that if Rita comes to hear of this!"

"Ai, ai, ai!" shrilled Lady Molly, in a
mirable imitation of a small dog in pain,
and made as if she would scuttle from the
room.

"Good-bye," I said, shortly; "I have really
had enough of this. I will come again when
you are feeling better."

"Must you miserably go?" she asked, with
affected concern. "I give you double bows
Sayonara! Sayonara!"

I must confess that I made my exit in an-
other but a Christian frame of mind. As I
followed Watkins across the hall, I could not
help wondering whether that grave domestic
help had been asked to serve meals with chop-
sticks or to kow-tow in the dining-room. I
would he kneel in the hall and bob his head
forehead on the doormat before me? I feel
quite relieved when he didn't.

MODES AND MOLES.

The new Parisian mode of mole-skin toques and
jackets has almost resulted in the extermination
of the mole in parts of France.

The patient mole a symbol long has been
Of purblind toil and low life underground;
His highest aim to make a lawn unclean
And raise a mound.

But now a loftier fate is his to try:
In earthy corridors no more he'll poke.
By Fashion's favour see him raised on high—
To trim a toque!

D. F. T. G.



Women and War.

THE SPARTAN MOTHERS OF JAPAN.

"The Japanese mother is most brave and self-sacrificing in time of war," said an attaché at the Japanese Legation yesterday to a *Daily Mirror* representative.

"She is quite like the Spartans, and says, 'Come back victorious, my brave son, or not at all.' The influence of the mother all through her son's life is great, but during war it cannot be overestimated. She is one of the most loving mothers in the world; at the same time she is above all a patriot.

"She will sacrifice her son for her country's good. The same thing applies to her as a wife. After the last war the names of some men who had behaved badly as soldiers were published in the papers. Their poor little wives could not bear the shame thus cast upon them, and in five cases I know of committed suicide. Very silly, we who live in the West think, but the people of the Far East admired the action of these women intensely."

Madame Butterfly as Nurse.

Having encouraged their men to war, Mesdames Butterfly and Chrysanthemum follow them, and do their utmost to tend and comfort the wounded. Japan has had for many years an organised society of medical men and nurses to succour the wounded of both sides on the battlefield.

Baron Hashimoto, president of this society, attended the third conference at Geneva. Afterwards the society was reorganised, and became the Red Cross Society of Japan.

An important branch of this society is the committee of ladies, drawn from the highest classes in Japan.

These ladies, of course, give their services, and the Empress is their patroness. All the great ladies of Japan belong to either the central or the local committees, the princesses, the wives of the Ministers of State and of the high nobilities; it is, in fact, a social distinction to belong to the Japanese Committee of the Red Cross.

An Empress and the Wounded.

The Red Cross Society receives its orders from the Ministers of War and the heads of society meet once a year in Tokio to consult with the Government, to receive instructions, and exchange opinions.

In time of war the women of Japan remain at the base hospitals, leaving the nursing on the field to be undertaken by men nurses. Viscountess Hayashi, wife of the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of King Edward,

was, with the Empress of Japan, foremost in her efforts on the ladies' committee during the war with China. She tended the wounded herself, and made many bandages—bandage-making being an important part of the committee's work.

The Empress, besides undertaking bandage-making, and other needlework for the troops, made glad the hearts of the soldiers by putting some of her work into their regimental colours.

The colours, of course, were made by the manufacturers, but in the corners the Empress embroidered the title of the respective regiments. "Where the Empress leads," said the attaché, "all the women of Japan follow."

PALACE LOVE TROUBLE.

TSAR'S PEACE OF MIND DISTURBED BY A PRINCE'S ATTACHMENT.

After the love affairs of the German Crown Prince comes the story of a romance that is causing trouble in the Russian Imperial Family.

The Grand Duke Cyril is deeply infatuated with the Grand Duchess of Hesse (Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg). He fell in love with her before she was separated from her husband, who is the Tsarina's brother. When the separation took place he declared his wish to marry her. The Tsar was informed, and at first did not object, but when the Tsarina heard of the proposed match she used all her eloquence in opposition.

Her Majesty, who believes her brother was a model husband, declared that she would never tolerate her divorced sister-in-law at the Russian Court.

Resolute Grand Duchess.

On receiving information of this the Grand Duke Cyril left St. Petersburg and went to Coburg, where the Grand Duchess is living with her mother. Though he has returned to Russia by the order of the Tsar, Prince Cyril is still, says the "New York Herald" correspondent, as much attached as ever to the Grand Duchess. His marriage will be an important affair because, if the Tsar has no son and his brother Michael, who is supposed to be a consumptive, dies, Prince Cyril, after his father, is heir to the throne. He is prepared to renounce this prospective right, but the Grand Duchess, as well as his parents, are imploring him to forbear.

The Grand Duchess, who is a woman of the most resolute temper, vows that ultimately she will sit on the throne of the woman who now has the "insolence" to oppose her marriage.

LONDON STREET PROBLEMS.

The tramway companies views on the solution of the London traffic difficulty were yesterday put before the Royal Commission which is considering the question.

Mr. Stephen Selson, late of the British Electric Traction Company and now consulting engineer to several municipal bodies, believed the only way of dealing with the street traffic in London was by tramways on the surface and in shallow subways. A single working authority for the whole of London tramways would afford the only satisfactory solution. It would be the duty and the power of such a tribunal to "Hausmannise" London in re-

pany. A keen protest has been raised by Count Bernsdorff, a captain in the navy, against a negro being allowed to wear a Government uniform.

FRENCHWOMEN'S ART.

The twelfth annual exhibition of the "Femmes Artistes," is *tout ce qu'il y a de plus Français* from a feminine point of view.

No English or American name is to be found in the catalogue, and the pictures have that subtle something about them which only the touch of a Frenchwoman's hand could give.

The Parisienne treats her canvas much as she does her toilette. In grace of form and



THE RED CROSS NURSES OF JAPAN.

This organisation has been modelled almost entirely on British lines and is quite up-to-date. The name of Florence Nightingale is almost as well known to Japanese nurses as it is to our own.

spect to highways. If the County Council could not agree an "ad hoc" body should be created as the tramway authority.

Asked whether a surface tramway could be constructed near the Mansion House, Mr. Selson said if the omnibuses were taken off the roads tramways might be substituted. In his opinion the overhead system of electric traction could be adopted in every part of London.

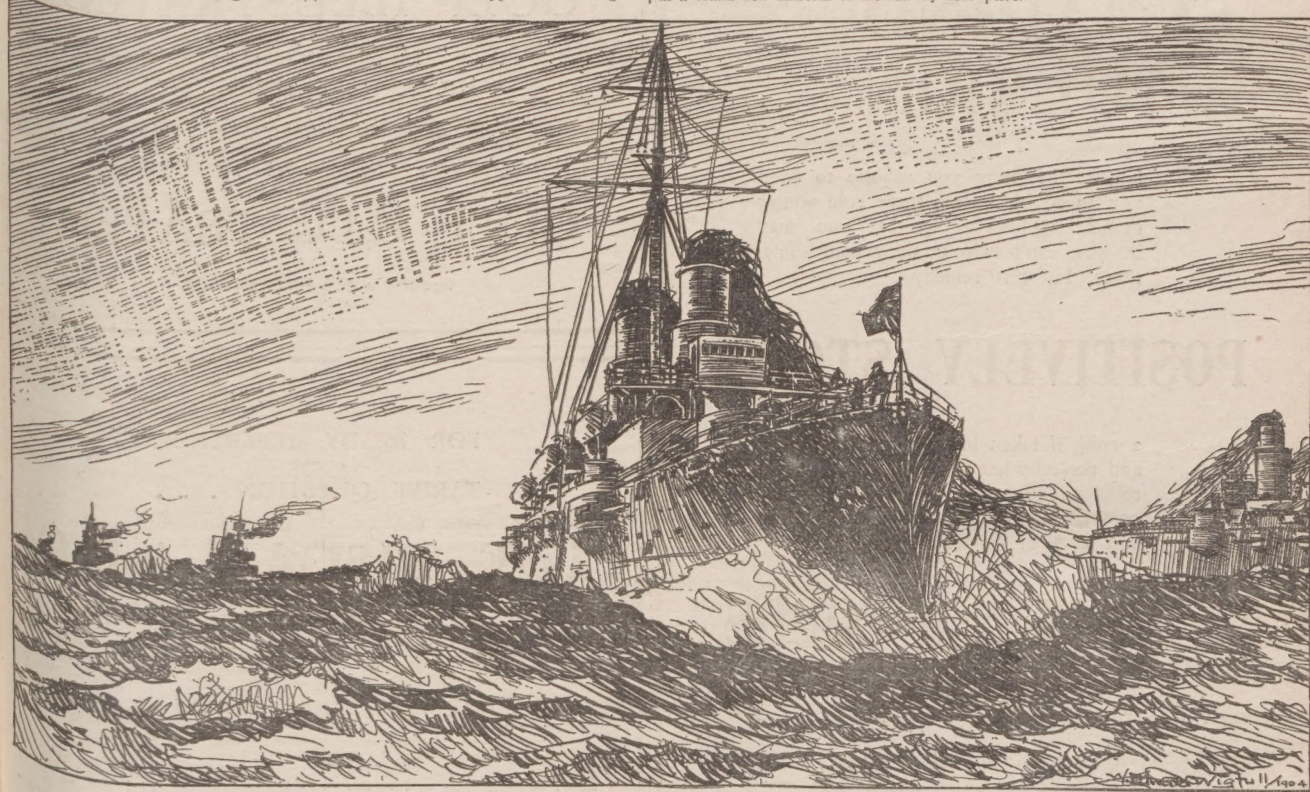
WILL THEY LYNCH HIM?

At last a colour question has arisen in Germany. Of late passengers from the Potsdam railway station have been not a little surprised to see a highly-polished negro, decked in a brand new uniform of the railway com-

colour she is ahead of the Englishwoman. But she cannot claim that note of independence which characterises the Englishwoman's work, or the subdued, puritanical colouring of the American.

Madame Nanny Adam heads the list of the landscape painters with her Venetian scenes, and Mademoiselle Twill claims close attention for her water-colour dreams of silver-grey lakes and autumn days.

Madame Vallet-Bisson's pastel portraits of beautiful children are too pretty to be truthful; she evidently paints with rose-coloured glasses before her eyes. The decorative work, what there is of it, is good, but the sculpture is small in every sense of the word, and the few specimens of leather-work are not very attractive.



THE OCEAN SPIES.

The two cruisers purchased by Japan from the Argentine are now in the Mediterranean and it is expected they will at once attempt to leave. Russian vessels are at present closely watching their movements.

These Coupons Will Not Appear Again.

THE AWARD OF THE THIRD COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT MONDAY.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH,

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers, with Pencils, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

TURNING AN ENDLESS SCREW. "I am much obliged," writes "Yerrolash," for your criticisms of the Russian leads, and I hope to profit by them. "I see you are not enamoured of 'Vint,' and I don't wonder at it. The game suits Russians and other Orientals, who will chaffer for half an hour over the purchase of a reel of cotton. We Occidentals want to get to the game at once (as at Bridge). The Russian enjoys turning an endless 'screw' ('Vint') of declarations first; and when he has at length got it home, the play itself is of little interest to him. "As a devotee of Golf, I was charmed to see Mr. Ernest Bergholt make his recent introductory bow in the official organ of the 'Royal and Ancient Game.'"

ADVICE GRATIS. It is suggested by E. A. G. (Wimbledon) that "either the weekly competitions should be made more difficult or the prizes more numerous." As we are now offering fifty prizes a week, we do not see the force of the latter contention. As to the plea for greater difficulty—which obviously emanates from the skilled Bridge-player, eager to go "pot-hunting"—we repeat once more that these simple weekly contests are propounded for the benefit of quite ordinary players, who have asked us to set them queries that they can easily solve in a few minutes, without unduly racking their brains or being put to the trouble of setting out cards on a table. We may also add, as an instance of the impossibility of pleasing everyone, that the same post brought us an indignant diatribe from a Putney lady, who says (anent Weekly 2, Cou-

WEEKLY COMPETITION 4.—COUPON No. 1.

Diagram of a bridge table with North, South, East, and West positions. Cards are dealt to each position. Below the table is a small card layout showing a heart and a diamond suit.

IN THIS COUPON hearts are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:
NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

Name.....

Address.....

WEEKLY COMPETITION 4.—COUPON No. 2.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

Six numbered bridge hands for competition. Each hand is shown with its cards and a score. Below each hand is a line for the player's declaration or score.

pon 1) that it is "monstrous, in a competition supposed to be open to women and novices, to expect solvers to undertrump a trick already won by partner's trump!" "On ne donne rien si libéralement," said La Rochefoucauld, "que ses conseils." He must surely, at one time or other, have had the misfortune to be a Bridge editor.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, Daily Mirror, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 4. On a separate sheet of

paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final. The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash. N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the Daily Mirror not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 11th. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

TURNER'S TAMARIND EMULSION

is just the thing you require to keep you in health during these cold winter months. However careful you may be you can't help catching cold sometimes, but this remedy

POSITIVELY STOPS

a cold, if taken in time. It is pleasant and perfectly harmless, and gives instant relief in all cases of throat and lung complaints. When you realize this you will laugh at the weather and scorn

COUGHS and COLDS

Bottles 1/1 and 2/9.

Tell your Chemist you must have "Turner's," or write to

THE HARVEY-TURNER COY., LTD.,
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.

A column devoted to BRIDGE has now been added to

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

The column is edited by MR. ERNEST BERGHOLT,

the leading authority on the game, and will combine instruction, answers to queries, correspondence, and problems.

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

See this week's issue, price 6d.

FOR READY REFERENCE ON THE TARIFF QUESTION . . .

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE COME-AND-GO: A man indignantly married.
GRANTLEY INASON: Sibylla's husband.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother;
a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—com-
panion.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).

Christine shook her head at him, but still could not help smiling as she said her last good-bye. With the turning of her face the smile disappeared.

Caylesham's smile lasted longer. He stood on his hearth, smiling as he remembered; and an idea which forced its way into his head whether, by any chance, old John had any vague sort of—well, hardly suspicion—but some vague sort of an inkling. He would not do that to Christine, since evidently he did not believe it, and it might have upset her. But really, in the end, was it not more all that if he had just some sort of an idea that there was a reason why her request might be very much more potent than his own? He was inclined to think that John suspected just what was going on, but not at all angry with him. It was not a thing he would have told himself, perhaps. Still, you can never tell what you will do when you are in a really tight corner. His racing experiences had prepared him with a good many cases which supported this conclusion.

Christine felt very tired, but she was not going to give way to that; Anna Seldford was not to be deterred. Christine chatted gaily as she drove home, mainly about the subject which she had just discussed—Mrs. Seldford's taste in frocks. Matters were in an even more dire way now; Anna could get declared. Between pictures and dogs, she Christine was genuinely unable to comprehend such a confusion of relative importance. "I detest fads!" she said, severely.

"It doesn't give me a fair chance," lamented Anna. "Because I should pay for dressing shouldn't I, Mrs. Fanshaw?"

Christine reiterated her belief to that effect. It was a melancholy comfort to poor Anna. "Suppose I'd been going to see Lord Caylesham, dressed like this!"

"My dear, he's old enough to be your father."

"That doesn't matter. He's so smart and good-looking. I see him riding sometimes with Mr. Inason, and he's just the sort of man I admire. I know I should fall in love with him."

Christine laughed, but turned her face a little away.

"I won't help you there; our alliance is only on the subject of frocks."

"But how well she knew what Anna meant and felt! And she was now a trifle uneasy. Had any of that talk filtered through leaky sealed conversations to Anna's eagerly listening ears?"

"Anna once told me he'd been very, very stuffy. They always say that about a man if he's a bachelor. Sheer feminine spite, I say, believe, Anna!"

"What do you go to see him about? Oh, I don't know."

"Christine was really rather glad to hear the question. It showed that nothing very much of the talk had filtered. And she had her story ready."

"Oh, about a horse! You know, we've had to sell our bays, and he's got one that we buy that I want. But, alas! it's beyond us, after all."

"Yes, you told me you'd sold a pair." Anna nodded significantly.

Christine smiled. She was reflecting how weary of life demand a departure from the city, and what art resides in the choice of that Anna was in her confidence, pleased and content without any suspicions as to the visit or its connection with the financial crisis otherwise than through the horses.

She did not ask Anna in to tea, because, really, waiting to be, home early from the office. Now that the thing was done, she was minded to make as light of it as possible. John forget under what pressure and how unwillingly she had gone. Thus the faintest breath of suspicion would be less likely to rest

on her secret. She trusted to her self-control; she would chaff him a little before she told him of the success of her mission.

But the first sight of his face drove the idea out of her head. It might be safer for her; it would actually be not safe for him. She was convinced of this when she saw the strain in his eyes and how his whole figure seemed in a tension of excitement. She closed the door carefully behind her.

"Well," he cried, "what news! By God, I've been able to do no work! I haven't been able to think of anything else all day. Don't—don't say you've failed!"

"No," she said, opening her purse, "I haven't failed. Here's a cheque from Lord Caylesham. It's post-dated, but only a day or two. That doesn't matter?"

She came to him and gave him the cheque. He put it on the table and rested his head on his arm. He seemed almost dazed; the stiffness had gone out of his body.

"By Jove, he's a good sort! By Jove, he is a good sort!" he murmured.

"He was very kind indeed. He made no difficulties. He said he was sure he could trust you, and was glad to help you. And he sent his remembrances and good luck to you, John."

She had taken off her fur coat and her hat as she was speaking, and now sank down into a chair.

"By Jove, he is a good sort!" John suddenly sprang up. "It means salvation!" he cried. "That's what it means—salvation! I can pay my way. I can look people in the face. I shan't bring the business to ruin and shame! Oh, I've had my lesson—I go steady now! And if I don't pay these good chaps every farthing, call me a scoundrel! They are good chaps, Grantley and old Caylesham—devilish good chaps!"

"Don't go quite off your head, John dear! Try to take it quietly."

"Ah, you take it quietly enough, don't you, old girl?" he exclaimed, coming up to her. "But you've done it all—yes, by Heaven you have! I know you didn't like it; I know you hated it. You're so proud, and I like that in you, too. But it wasn't a time for pride, and you put yours in your pocket for my sake—yes, for my sake, I know it. We've had our rows, old girl, but if ever a man had a good wife in the end, I have, and I know it."

He caught hold of her hands and pulled her to her feet, drawing her towards him at the same time.

"Quietly, John," she said—"quietly."

"What, don't you want to give me a kiss?"

"I'll give you a kiss, but quietly. Poor old John!"

She kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Now let me go! I—I'm tired."

"Well, you shall rest," he said good-naturedly, and let her go.

She sank back in her seat and watched him turn to the cheque again.

"It's salvation!" he repeated, and paid no heed to a sudden quick gasp of breath from her throat.

Even Caylesham would have allowed that he had no suspicion. But Christine sat a prey to vague forebodings. She felt as though the thing were not finished yet. The dead would not bury its dead.

CHAPTER X.

The Flinty Wall.

THERE was one point about Jeremy Chiddingfold's system of philosophy—if that name may be allowed to dignify the rather mixed assortment of facts and inferences which he had gathered from his studies: this point was that there was no appeal against facts. Nature was nature, feelings were feelings, and change was development. One thing was right to-day; it became wrong to-morrow without ceasing to have been right yesterday. Let there be an end of ignorant parrot-like chatter about inconsistency. Is evolution inconsistency? Inconsistency with what? He put this question and kindred ones quite heatedly to Mrs. Mumples, who did not at all understand them, and to whom they savoured of unorthodoxy; she had ever distrusted a scientific education. If Jeremy could have put his case in a concrete form, he would have won her sympathy. But she did not know where such general principles would stop, and she had heard that there were persons who impugned the authority of Moses.

Jeremy did not much care about Mrs. Mumples's approval, though he tried his arguments on her as a boxer tries his fists on a stuffed sack (she suggested the simile). He did not expect to convince her, and would have been rather sorry if he had. In her present mental condition she was invaluable as a warning and a butt. But it was exasperating that Mrs. Hutting should hold antique, ludicrous, and (in his opinion) in the end debased views about social intercourse between the sexes—in fact (to descend to that concrete which Jeremy's soul abhorred), about girls of seventeen taking walks with young men of twenty-two. Mrs. Hutting's views on this

point imposed on Jeremy's proceedings, which he felt to be unbecoming to a philosopher. He had to scheme, to lie in wait, to plan most unlikely accidents, on occasion to palter with truth, to slip behind a waggon or to hide inside a barn. A recognition on Mrs. Hutting's part of nature, of facts, and of development would have relieved Jeremy from all these distasteful expedients.

But Mrs. Hutting was an old-fashioned woman. She obeyed her husband—usually, however, suggesting on what points he might reasonably require obedience. She expected her daughter to obey her. And she had her views, which she had enforced in a very quiet but a very firm way. Modern tendencies were not in favour at the rectory; that being established as a premise, it followed that anything which was disapproved of at the rectory was a modern tendency; wherefore clandestine and spuriously accidental meetings between young men and young women were a modern tendency, or, anyhow, signs of one—and of a very bad one, too. No ancient instances would have shaken Mrs. Hutting on this point; the train of logic was too strong.

Certainly Dora never tried to shake her mother's judgment or to break the chain. For Dora was old-fashioned, too. She, too, held that clandestine and spuriously accidental meetings were wrong. But sometimes the clandestine character or the spuriousness of the accident could be plausibly questioned; besides, a thing may be wrong, and yet not be so very, very bad. And the thing may be such fun, and so amusing that—well, one goes and tries not to be found out. On these ancient but not obsolete lines Miss Dora framed her conduct, getting thereby a spice of excitement and a fearful joy which no duly licensed encounters could have given her. But she had no doubt that Mrs. Hutting was quite right. Anna Seldford's critical attitude towards her parents was not in the rectory way.

"Suppose she'd seen us!" Dora whispered behind the barn, as the rectory pony-chaise rolled slowly by.

"We're doing nothing wrong. I should like to walk straight out and say so."

"If you do, I'll never speak to you again."

"I hate this—this dodging!"

"Then why don't you take your walks the other way? You know I come here. Why do you come if you feel like that about it?"

Thus Dora flashed her maiden sword. It was an added joy to make Jeremy do things which he disliked. And all this time she was snubbing him and his tentative approaches. Lovers? Certainly not—or, of course, she would have told mamma! Accepted Jeremy? No—she liked to think that she was trifling with him. In fine, she was simply behaving shamefully, badly, in a rapturously delightful way; and to see a pretty girl doing that is surely a refreshing and rejuvenating sight!

Well, the word pretty is perhaps a concession to Jeremy. The only girl in the place is always pretty. Dora was, at any rate, fresh and fair, lithe, and clean-limbed, gay, and full of fun.

A dreadful peril threatened, with which Dora appalled her own fancy and Jeremy's troubled heart. At seventeen school is still possible—a finishing-school. Mrs. Hutting had brandished this weapon, conscious in her own mind that the rectory finances would hardly suffice to put an edge on it. Dora did not realise this difficulty.

"You remember that time we were seen? Well, there was an awful row, and mamma said that if it happened once again I should go—for a year!"

Jeremy felt that something must be done, and said so.

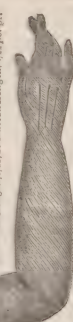
"What could I do?"

"That was a little more difficult for Jeremy. 'You must take pains to avoid me,' said Dora, schooling her lips to primness. 'You don't want to get me sent away, do you?'

Certainly these spring months were very pleasant to Miss Dora. But, alas! calamity came. It happened in Milldene just as it might have happened in the West End of London. The school-teacher said something to the post-mistress. There was nobody much else to say anything—for the wise-eyed yokels, when they met the youth and the maid, gave a shrewd kindly nod, and went on their way with an inarticulate but appreciative chuckle. However, the school-teacher did say something to the post-mistress, whence the something came to Mrs. Hutting's ears. There was another "row," no doubt even more "awful." The finishing-school was brandished again, but after a private consultation on finance, put aside by the rector and Mrs. Hutting. Another weapon was chosen. Mrs. Hutting dictated a note, the rector wrote and sealed it; it was sent across to Old Mill House by the gardener, addressed to "Jeremy Chiddingfold, Esq." In fact, no circumstance of ceremony was omitted, and Dora watched the messenger of tyranny from her bedroom window. In the note (which began "Sir") Jeremy was plainly given to understand that he was no gentleman, and that all relations between the rectory and himself were at an end.

To be continued.

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"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK

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THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S STORY "DOUBLE HARNESS" WILL APPEAR ON WEDNESDAY. "CHANCE, THE JUGGLER," IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.



The King, as all the world knows, is a most affectionate father, but only those closely associated with the royal households are aware of his intense love for his son and Prince Edward, in whose education and general training his Majesty takes the keenest interest. The Prince of Wales's public appearances and the effect of his speeches are matters of intense importance to the King, and on the now historic occasion when the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained at the Guildhall on their return from their tour in the Ophir, the King, by previous arrangement, was several times informed by telephone about the enthusiastic reception the royal pair received in the City, and how admirably the Prince delivered the long speech, which was the first really important oration he had been called on to make.

Here is the latest anecdote in connection with that interesting little prince, Edward of Wales. Shortly before leaving Marlborough House new clothes were ordered for Prince Edward and Prince Albert, and, according to custom, a tailor was sent to fit them at a time which would not interfere with their lessons or outdoor exercise. The tailor duly arrived and was ushered up to the little Princes' sitting-room; but on the door being opened she paused, as she saw that a gentleman, whose face was turned towards the fireplace, was sitting smoking and chatting with the children. Prince Edward, whose manner is most friendly, at once ran forward and told the woman to come in, and seeing that she still hesitated added in a reassuring voice: "You needn't mind, it's only grandpapa!"

The Empress of Germany, though essentially "home-keeping," and by no means extravagant in any form, is yet a great lover of jewels, of which she owns a priceless collection; one which she values greatly and constantly wears is a diamond which shone in "Le Chapeau du Petit Caporal," and was found by Blücher's troops under a tree on the battlefield of Waterloo.

Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg have given their patronage to the Dress and Textile Industries Exhibition, to be held this spring at the Crystal Palace, in connection with which a loan collection is being organised. This collection will include peasant costumes of nearly every European nation, as well as old lace, fans, and other objects of historical interest.

Miss Muriel Wilson, who has had such a success this week in the Chatsworth theatricals, is something of a heroine. She once saved a man's life at a railway station. Wonderful stories went the rounds. Some said he was a Cabinet Minister; others that he was a foreign royalty, and many declared that he was a railway porter. But the facts were these: An under-secretary from the Foreign Office had been staying at Tisbury Croft, Mr. Arthur Wilson's place in Yorkshire, and was returning to town with the house-party. He accompanied Miss Wilson to the refreshment-room to get her a cup of coffee. The warning bell sounded to deaf ears, and they rushed back to catch the train when it was already in motion. Miss Wilson jumped in safely, but her companion lost his footing, and had it not been for her pluck and presence of mind in holding him up by sheer force of arm he must have fallen beneath the train, and would undoubtedly have been killed.

Prince Francis of Teck, who will act as best man at the wedding of his brother and Princess Alice of Albany, celebrates his thirty-fourth birthday to-day. He has inherited to the fullest extent the good nature and consideration for others long associated with his lamented mother. One of the latest instances of this trait occurred when Prince Francis was at Harrogate a few months ago, staying at the Grand Hotel, which had only been a few weeks opened. Of course, the fact that he had put up there was a capital "send off" to a new establishment, but before leaving he informed the management that he had written to ask the Prince of Wales (who was shortly going to Bolton Abbey) to drive over one day to Harrogate and lunch or take tea at the Grand. Prince Francis added that he felt sure his brother-in-law would comply with his request should he have a few hours at his disposal.

During his stay in Ireland on military duty Prince Francis became extremely popular with all classes, and showed that he had also inherited the valuable gift of never forgetting a face, for even the farmers with whom he chatted at horse fairs were always pleasantly greeted by him if he came across them again. A good judge of horses, the Prince, before joining the remount department, made himself very familiar with buying and bargaining as carried out in Ireland, and it is safe to say the Government was never "had" over any of his purchases. In Ireland, too, he was ever ready to do a good-natured thing, and at the Dublin Horse Show rode a hunter, exhibited by Sir Timothy O'Brien (the erst-

while T. C. O'Brien of cricketing renown), when it was paraded before the judges. The horse was a somewhat average animal, but gained a third prize, upon which an Irish gentleman whom the Prince stopped to greet declared that the prize was given to the rider, not the horse, which did not deserve to be placed. Prince Francis laughed heartily, but discreetly made no reply.

The successful candidate for Mid-Devon, Mr. Harry Trelawny Eve, was not born a Devonshire man, but has made himself one, not only by living at Bovey Tracy, but also by having purchased a great deal of property in the constituency of which he is now Parliamentary representative. His father was a



Mr. H. T. EVE, K.C., the new M.P. for Ashburton. [Elliott & Fry, Photo by]

Jamaica merchant, but he himself adopted law as a profession, being called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1881. Practising at the Chancery Bar, he took silk in 1895, and is now leading counsel in Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady's court. He is very popular in the county, and his hobby and chief recreation is farming.

Sir Richard Harrison's defeat has been a very great disappointment to him, as he has been anxious for some time to enter Parliament. There are few soldiers who have so brilliant a military record behind them. Sir Richard, who entered the Royal Engineers in 1855, has seen active service all over the world. He served in the Indian Mutiny, the Chinese War, and in the Egyptian and Nile campaigns of the 'eighties. At home, too, he has held important appointments, as Q.M.G. at Aldershot, as Commander of the Western District, and since 1898 he has been Inspector-General of Fortifications. The Sappers are very proud of him, and rightly so, for he is a keen soldier, who is thoroughly acquainted with every branch of his profession.

The League of Mercy fête at Claridge's Hotel on the 15th and 16th of February promises to out rival anything of the kind ever held before. The afternoon concerts are being arranged for by Mrs. Ronalds, while each evening the great salon will be transformed into a theatre, where Miss Aimée Lowther's new pantomime will be produced. A host of interesting people are helping, including Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Lathom, Lady Farquhar, and Lord Shaftesbury. The Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to be present, and other Royal ladies who are interesting themselves in the performance are the Duchess of Albany, Princess Alice of Albany, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

The latest engagement, that of Captain Ferdinand Stanley to Miss Alexandra Fellowes, is a very interesting one. The bride-elect is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady De Ramsey, and on her mother's side her relations are very numerous, as Lady De Ramsey is a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and a sister of Lady Howe, Lady Wimborne, Lady Tweedmouth, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, and Lady Sarah Wilson. Captain Stanley, generally known as "Ferdie" Stanley, is the fourth son of Lord and Lady Derby. He served in South Africa with the Grenadier Guards, when he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O.

Lord and Lady Derby have a large family of sons, no fewer than seven, and only one daughter. They are, however, very wealthy, and Knowsley, Lord Derby's principal seat, can only be described as colossal. The park, the biggest in England, is guarded by eleven lodges and surrounded by an immensely high wall, while as for the house, it has been added

to and added to until it must be very nearly if not quite as commodious as Bredby Park, where, it is said, a hundred guests can easily be housed.

Knowsley possesses yet one other distinction. It was there that Lord Salisbury made his only joke on record. It was after dinner, and "There's something burning," said some body in the smoking-room. "Only tobacco," remarked a quiet voice, and on looking up, the company were electrified to find Lord Salisbury had spoken. Another story which comes from Knowsley is that of the good Lord Shaftesbury, who was so hospitable that he could not bear that his dinner guests should leave the house sober. On one occasion he watched their departure from a window, and noticed that each of his friends was carefully assisted into the carriage. When they had all gone the Earl summoned his butler and said, "Simmons, I thank you; you have done your duty, and Heaven will reward you for it hereafter."

Sir Frank Lascelles, who, it is said, is likely to be appointed successor to Sir Edmund Monson at the Paris Embassy, is a man of great experience in the diplomatic service. He is a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath and of St. Michael and St. George. The late Lady Lascelles, who was a Miss Olliffe, a daughter of the late Sir Joseph Olliffe, Physician to the English Embassy in Paris, who it will be remembered, was described in Daudet's novel, "Le Nabob." Mrs. Hugh Bell, whose charming drawing-room plays are so well-known, is her sister.

Mr. John Davidson, who has adapted "Bohemians" from the French, and who will probably respond to cries of "Author!" at the Court Theatre to-night, is a delightful little man with a strong Scotch accent.

Forty years of age or thereabouts, he has in his time achieved success in half a dozen fields of literature. His "Fleet Street Eclogues" and the even more well-known "Ballad of a Nun" were among the most notable poetic achievements of the 'nineties. Since then he has been polishing his weapons, undertaking among other things the versions of "Pour la Couronne" which Mr. Forbes-Robertson produced, and a version of "Ruy Blas" that promises to be one of Lewis Waller's biggest successes.

But, apart from his gifts, John Davidson is one of the most lovable and honest of mortals. Devoted to his art, generous to a fault; it is a privilege to be numbered among his intimates.

The first Bishop of the suffragan bishopric of Croydon is a powerful preacher and a splendid platform speaker. Many a Croydon audience (he has been vicar there for ten years) has been roused to enthusiasm by his fervid eloquence. Canon Pereira is a man who believes strongly in doing the duties that lie close to hand, and hence he has not been seen on general platforms so much as other eminent Churchmen. Many a good cause, however, has reason to be grateful for securing his services as advocate. He has a happy knack of inducing rich people who attend drawing-room meetings to give handsomely



The Rev. Canon PEREIRA, the new Bishop of Croydon. [Russell, Photo by]

to any cause for which he seeks financial aid, and several gatherings of this kind, where not more than from thirty to fifty people have been present, have resulted in collections running into three figures. Many of the Bishop's friends consider that he is one of the most successful "beggars" in the Church.

The new Bishop has been a great favourite at Lambeth Palace for some time, and those who know him best are not surprised that his work has at last received recognition. He is, by the way, the second vicar of Croydon in succession who has been made a Bishop. His predecessor, Canon Fisher, was appointed Bishop of Southampton. Croydon thus bids fair to prove a serious rival to Leeds. The pulpit of the Parish Church of the Yorkshire city is looked upon as a sure stepping-stone to the Episcopal Bench. The present Bishops of Rochester and Chester were both vicars of Leeds.

The Necessity of "Works."

'DAILY MIRROR' SERMONETTE
SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THIS PAPER.

By the Rev. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A.
Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"To do good and to communicate forget not."
— 1 Thess. iii. 16.

The sense of mission makes the highest virtues easy. From that root we grow by nature: and the sense of mission is always justified by results. It was the truest wisdom which led our Lord to explain our life upon principles that are born in heaven, and only lent to earth. It is from that sublime source we learn what we are and what we are to do. For this reason He commands a sacrament which pleads to us that God is with us, and in us, and that He assures us of a power and grace which both claim us as His own and fit us for this world and the next. For this reason, too, He told us that our proper attitude amongst our fellows is to minister to them of the gifts which He has bestowed, that the whole Christian society, which we call the Church, is a society of mutual beneficence.

The right direction for Christian influence is easily discovered. You remember the reproachful words which a great interpreter of our English life speaks against a girl of wealth and beauty, who was fretting away upon heartless and selfish pursuits a life that was framed and set in all that wealth and dignity could supply.

Are there no beggars at thy gate?
Nor any poor upon thy lands?
O! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew.

There at the gate—lying where we must pass under our eyes—lies Lazarus, some object for our sympathy, some sphere and range for our sacrifice and care.

Many Gifts; One Spirit.

It is of the genesis of Christianity that it recognises no limit in Christian effort nor success in Christian gifts. It is one benign spirit which operates. He moved upon the face of cold, black deeps before man stood upon the earth. He beat in the breasts of inspired Apostles before the man received Christian baptism. He moves and beats in a thousand forms, and along a thousand roads of consecrated enterprise and toil.

There are intellectual gifts by which the minds of men are released from what Bacon called their idols, and by which the ignorant are enlightened and informed. There are social gifts by which the gathering and intercourse of men are purged and their meetings and objects are elevated and inspired. There are political gifts which work out the opportunities of the age in the guidance, discipline, and development of the State. There are commercial gifts which open out new paths of trade, give fresh impulse to enterprise, and the treasures of God's unstinted bounty, and carry forward to unexpected stages the work and well-being of the land. And there are spiritual gifts, too, which minister to man's highest nature, stirring up the purest and noblest elements within him, educating, strengthening, and protecting all that make for holiness and eternity.

But in all these worketh the one Spirit. He may be misused, but all may be consecrated to the service of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and to that beneficence and that distribution of gifts which are acceptable sacrifices to God. He who wishes to take his part with Christ can do so by using such gifts for His purposes after His methods, and in obedience to His supreme laws.

Faith and Works.

And remember two facts. The first is that only thus is your own spiritual and moral life developed. The muscle and fibre of the soul grow with exercise alone; the summits of spiritual bliss are reached only by arduous effort. Can you find in the whole Bible any indication, any hope that salvation awaits the uninterested, the idle, the indifferent Christian?

And the second fact is this: That we shall be judged according to our works. In the fullest sense we possess of the final judgment, personal and active influence is the chief factor in the decision. "Ye feed the hungry, ye clothe the naked," the evangelist said, "and ye shall be rewarded." Sentiment undervalued, in action counts for nothing. The eye that weeps at the tale of sorrow, but the heart that has been moved will lighten and crystallise the emotion does not lead you to lessen the sorrow about you. And no case is so utterly hopeless as that of woman or man, frozen round, encased, and buried in the ice of own selfishness. Therefore let your influence work itself out—the influence of a man who, on the side of Christ; discover for yourself the good that you can do, and then do it with the might and earnestness of a hero and a saint.

One of the great attractions at the next June at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, will be the children's tableaux, which Mrs. Derbyshire Tree has kindly promised to superintend. This bazaar is being organised by Lady Cadogan, with a strong committee to help her, and should prove a great success.

THE DANCING SEASON. SCHEME FOR THE RENOVATION OF A BALL TOILETTE.

The tepichorean world is tripping it to most determined purpose just now, and its functions, indeed, are chiefly responsible for such surprises as prevail in modistic circles, where life is running a little slowly now with the sales in full swing.

But it is, as someone pithily remarked recently, half-time with clothes at present. One



Coat of antique-green cloth, cut with the severity of line that will be seen in the spring.

is so to say, led to pause ere taking further and more decisive leaps, and this pause is mostly regarded as a moment of renovation.

This is a condition that will doubtless induce a due share of consideration to be bestowed on the rather exceptionally dainty obviously hints at the uses of a silk or satin foundation, lost to its pristine freshness, but which cannot be spared to spend a fortnight or more at the cleaner's. So, pending that ultimate and inevitable procedure, let it be veiled in ring-spotted net, either black or white, or a magpie mixture. The latter, by the way, is charming over a delicately-ruched narrow ribbon for its sole decorative detail.

The disposal of the bodice is especially novel and pretty with its folded pelerine effect and quaintly frilled sleeves, the whole essentially of the early Victorian era, while the height of the décolletage is merely a matter of taste. For young girls, the modest one depicted is a style lately resuscitated into favour with noticeable success.

A REDFERN TRIUMPH. THE LATEST NOTION IN MOTOR-CAR COATS.

Experientia docet—a saying that is trite, perhaps, but extravagantly true, nevertheless, and most particularly apt where motor-ing is concerned.

As a pursuit this is still, relatively speaking, so much in its infancy that there are but few really tested ideas so far as women's garbing is concerned.

At the outset of the craze we were content to be led by the more experienced male mind, and had almost settled down into a belief that our unsightliness was compatible with com-
fort. However, the fates be praised, we are rapidly changing all that, though it has been reserved for the great firm of Redfern, of Conduit-street, to bring out a motoring coat for complete practicability allied to elegance, is not likely to meet a rival for many a long day.

As may be judged by the pictured present-ment seen in the last column of this page, the leading object in this wrap has been to exclude the slightest suggestion of draught, an entrance being ingeniously contrived which is fastened or unfastened at will by a

simple method of patent clasps which work in the most eminently satisfactory manner.

Then, in addition to this clever contrivance, which secures such warmth to the lungs, there come various ingenious pockets, while a slit on either side of the front, especially situated to suit individual requirements, acts as a muff. Redfern is, as may be imagined, overflowing with orders for this superlatively excellent wrap, the which is being built with splendid impartiality in fur, cloth, friezes, or tweeds, the particular model wherefrom our sketch was taken finding pleasing expression in a rather deep shade of red cloth, piped with a delicate biscuit cloth.

For steady and sturdy wear a rough frieze with yoke of leather is to be commended. But, however fabricated, this Redfern motoring coat is a thing verily replete with desirable virtues.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

REASONS WHY THE WHALEBONE FAMINE IS NOT FEARED.

Sometimes the uninitiated wonder how the fashionable woman achieves the extreme suppleness and slinness that is the vogue to-day, for in spite of the new full skirts there is no ungainly bulkiness of figure. The secret of it is this. Couturières and lingères combine nowadays to attire their patrons in as few clothes as possible. Gowns are never boned to-day, in fact, upon looking inside them you will see that every scrap of material that can possibly be spared is done away with.

There are neither facings, bindings, bones, nor heavy linings, and no work is put into the gown that is not necessary to the outside. The silk of the lining is of the thinnest and softest type. It is the corset that gives form and poise to the figure; the dress simply drapes the corset and clings to its lines.

A Thorough Revolution.

That this tendency will work a revolution in women's clothes is inevitable. Fancy a Parisienne discarding her elaborate satin petticoat, loaded with ruffles and ribbons!



Dance
Dress of
magpie net
posed
upon
rose-pink
satin.

Yet she is doing so. In its place she is wearing satin "bloomers" buckled at the knee, the hem of the gown itself being sufficiently befrilled for the purpose of daintiness. This is a specially successful scheme for short trotting costumes.

There is nothing so smart as the automobile industry, since the French aristocracy as a body took it up, and the eternal feminine of several worlds of the chic monde has followed on the steps of the clubman. A moleskin brown velvet suit for a motorist is made

with a pleated skirt, with buttons of Copenhagen porcelain on its front breadth. These buttons are bluish white, with a design in light delicate blue that is the favourite tone of the Royal Danish Porcelain Pottery. The bolero of the gown was trimmed with narrow bands



A handsome black panne Picture Hat draped with a Chantilly lace veil.

of gold galon, and with smaller Copenhagen buttons, while the ceinture of light blue silk was oddly draped. It seemed to be spread out broadly in front, its ends crossed at the back, splitting into four, two knotting in a tiny bow in front at the base of the ceinture, the other two knotting at the top. This gown was completed with a chinchilla stole and a light blue hat in furry felt, trimmed with a high panache of brown plumes.

A very large hat in sable, lined with ermine, filled its observers with pleasure when seen on a pretty woman lately. It was



Gun-metal-grey felt Morning Hat with red cocks' plumes and a velvet rosette to match.

long brown chiffon veil hemmed with a tiny ribbon ruche draping her head, and she carried an ermine muff built like an immense soft bag.

A lady in a smart Marquise coat of black caracul, with revers of beaver, wore a trailing skirt of beaver satin-faced cloth. It was trimmed with a draped flounce of beaver brown thread lace, of which the festoons were fastened with loops and bows of taffeta ribbon in the same colour, two sable tails hanging from bows placed at intervals. Her hat was black, with immensely long strings of pale blue illusion, with rosettes coming high on one side, and low on the other; one end of the strings floated over her shoulder, the other was wrapped about her throat. Can you fancy how beautiful was this arrangement of lovely colour and beautiful material?

A striking gown in black peau de soie had many rows of black chenille fringe on a full skirt, each row headed with a tiny line of ermine. There were white lace ruffles turning both ways on the sleeves, and a big cravat of ermine. The bodice was tight-fitting, very long on the shoulder, and broadly belted with supple green leather. With this was a hat of green furry felt, two cornered, and trimmed with violets, and, as the wearer walked over the gravel, lifting high her black skirts, I noticed sharp green heels.



The New Coat for motorists, warranted to keep out the cold.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XLII.

"I should think not," said Claudia grimly. "I see," said the doctor, "that you are prejudiced. You don't understand the case, or our system here. The success of our system necessitates absolute control over the patient, either compulsory or voluntary, for a long period, the longer the better. In this case our surveillance depends upon the will of Madame Mijatovitch. She is a willing inmate of this hospital, and is, to the best of my knowledge, quite happy. She writes, reads, walks in the grounds, converses with me and with two or three of my assistants. She is making good progress. I may say that—if I could keep her under my control for another six months I could cure her. That is what Father Lyle realises, and what we are both trying to accomplish. But if you or anyone else insist on seeing her and unsettling her—"

"I do not say I am going to unsettle her," protested Claudia. "Indeed, I should be the last one to spoil such a seemingly excellent system as you appear to have." She could not help a slight ring of sarcasm in her voice. "Ah, but who knows? Madame Mijatovitch is not an ordinary woman. She is educated; indeed, I might say she is what we call a lady. Her case is therefore different and difficult. May I ask you to leave the case to me, and not to trouble her just now—in short, to leave well alone. I am sure that would be Father Lyle's will."

She frowned. "I cannot say any more," she said coldly. "I wish to see Madame Mijatovitch. Please tell me if I can do so, or whether you wish me to take other steps. We are wasting time."

The doctor flushed. He was annoyed; but he could say nothing more. He still thought of influential charitable ladies, the correspondence columns of daily newspapers, and possibly police interference. Hitherto he had made his system pay remarkably well, and his ambition was not satisfied.

"Very well," he said shortly. "I will tell her. Please be seated." Then he left the room. Five minutes afterwards he returned. He looked even more annoyed.

"If you will come with me," he said, "I will take you to Madame Mijatovitch. She says she will see you."

"Thanks," drawled Claudia, "you are very good."

Claudia Waynflete saw that Vera Mijatovitch bore little resemblance to the woman she had pictured in her thoughts, the woman Christian Morning had painted there; she was, in fact, as different from that conception as was the actual woman she saw from the poor, demented creature Father Lyle had seen in St. James's Park, because there had been

between then and now a great transformation in her.

She received a momentary impression of a tall, plainly-dressed, very striking-looking woman, with a deathly white face and great black, luminous eyes, and she felt suddenly very embarrassed; then for an instant she thought that the woman was not Vera Mijatovitch at all, but that the doctor was playing some trick upon her.

"This is the lady, Madame Mijatovitch," he said, and quickly withdrew.

Claudia stared uncomfortably at the tall, white woman who rose to meet her from a chair by the fire, for the spring days were cold in England.

"How do you do?" said the tall, white woman in a very low, distinct, and expressionless voice. "You wished to see me?"

"Yes," faltered Claudia uncomfortably. She was filled with a desire to turn and flee. The cold scrutiny of those coal-black eyes demoralised her. This woman spoke to her and regarded her with a sort of contemptuous curiosity not unminged with malice. It was all so very unexpected.

"The doctor said, I think, that you—you came from Mr. Lyle?"

"Oh, no, no," interrupted Claudia. "That is not true. He—well, the truth is he didn't want me to come."

"Then why did you? I don't think we have met before, have we? I don't remember; and yet, somehow, I seem to know your name. I suppose I must have seen it in some newspaper. Why, yes, it was the announcement of your engagement to someone—Lord somebody or other."

"Yes," said Claudia, quickly; "but that is all over now. Lord Verulam was killed at the war."

"Oh, I see. Well, go on. Tell me why you came here—to this place—to see me? Sit down, won't you?"

"Thank you," Claudia sank into an uncomfortable chair. She felt as embarrassed as a mistress interviewing a new servant. "I hope," she commenced, "that you won't be offended or think that I—well, that I am forcing myself upon you; but somehow I thought, I imagined that—that—oh, of course, it was very foolish! You see it is so different. I didn't know that—that—"

She stumbled over every word, trying to find the right one. "I didn't know that you were quite well, you see," she added, hurriedly.

"I am far from quite well," returned Vera Mijatovitch, frigidly. "Indeed, I am very weak. I have been exceedingly ill." She spoke very well, with perfect self-possession and a picturesque pronunciation of her r's.

"Yes, I know; but—well, it is different. You see, I—oh, I don't know how to explain; but—"

"You mean, I suppose," said the elder woman with a hard little sneering laugh, "that I don't live up to the reputation of this institution—eh? Did you expect to find me chained up in a padded cell?"

"Oh, no, no! You must not speak like that."

"Pray, then, did our good Father Lyle mislead you? Did he give you a good description of me, of my wonderful cure, of the miracle he has wrought?"

"You must not blame Father Lyle," protested Claudia. "He merely told me that you were his friend, that is all. It isn't that; it is something else, which I want to say, but don't know how to begin. It is so difficult."

"Are you trying to talk religion to me, or are you one of those foolish women who band themselves together to poke their noses into other people's muddles in the name of charity and morality? Because, if you are, you may as well know at once that I am not at all interested in those things, and if you start talk-

ing about beginning a new life and all that I shall be exceedingly angry. Father Lyle ought to have told you that I hate all forms of cant. I am a free woman—free to do exactly as I like. I am a law unto myself, just as every reasoning being should be. If I chose to break my law, my law punishes me. That is why I am here. I am—but why should I tell you anything about myself? It has nothing to do with you; and, besides, I suppose you know. Father Lyle has probably waxed most eloquent upon my fall." She laughed tonelessly, cruelly. Claudia started. Somehow, this tall, white woman before her seemed so very superior, almost like a being on a higher plane; and yet she talked like this. Surely this woman had made all things subservient to her will. She was a ruler. She could never be weak. She stood just then as the very symbol of human strength. And this was the wife of Christian Morning—this Vera Mijatovitch, the drunkard, the woman of the streets, the outcast and pariah!

"I think," said Claudia, "that you do Father Lyle an injustice. You are not fair to him."

"If I am not fair to him," retorted the woman, warmly, "it is because I hate him."

"Hate him—why?"

"Why? Because I hate all priests. They are the enemies of the human race. The old Romans who burnt the Christian sect in their arena and amphitheatre were right. They are a pest. They should be treated as such."

"But I thought," exclaimed Claudia, with more confidence now that the conversation was not so personal, "that you believed in freedom of thought?"

"Who told you that?" asked the other woman, sharply.

"Why, Mr. Morning told me you were the wife of Christian Morning."

She never finished the sentence, for Vera Mijatovitch sprang to her feet and gripped her arm as in a vice.

"What is that?" she asked, in a tense voice. "I forgot," stammered Claudia. "I haven't told you yet. It was he who first told me about you. I—"

"You know Christian Morning?"

"Yes. I have known him for several years. I knew him when he was up at the Varsity."

"Yes, go on. Tell me the rest."

"He told me," said Claudia, "all about it."

"All about what?"

"Everything—why do you make me explain every word?"

"Because you speak in riddles," said the woman, icily. "What did Christian Morning tell you about me?"

"Why, that you were his—his wife."

There was a long silence between them. Then the elder woman drew in a shuddering breath and said:

"So he told you that, did he? Why did he tell you, of all persons in the world?"

"He may have told others."

"You know he has never done so," she retorted sharply. "Never—never—never!"

"And you?"

"It is nothing to me," she said in a voice of flint. "He could divorce me to-morrow, if he liked. But he does not. And he does not seek me. Yes, I think I know his reason. He is ashamed. Well—it is nothing. But why are you the only one to know?"

"Father Lyle knows," said Claudia.

"What?" The woman's eyes blazed up angrily. "He knows? Who told him? You?"

"No."

"Did he?"

"They have never met."

"Then he must have found it out from my papers. Ah, he must have pried amongst them when I was ill. I might have known better than to trust a priest."

"If you would only be a little more generous," urged Claudia, "I am sure I could explain matters, and my reason for calling upon you. Oh, do please believe that I—that all of us are not your enemies, but your friends."

"I do not want any friends, thank you," retorted the elder woman. "Your object may be quite disinterested. I do not say it is not; but I consider it a piece of unwarrantable impertinence for a complete stranger to come and force herself into my presence under false pretences and tell me she is my friend. Who are you, pray, to come and add to the superior rôle? I suppose it all comes from accepting this pauperising charity of the priest. This was a fool ever to have let it go on."

"Madame Mijat—Mrs. Morning, do please try and listen to me!"

"That is not my name, Lady Claudia Waynflete," said the woman, icily. "Oblige me by remembering that. Whatever Christian Morning may say, or anybody else, for the matter of that, by no law of reason, expediency, God, if you like it, or man, am I, have I ever been, or can be, the wife of Christian Morning."

"But legally you are his wife."

"Legally? Pshaw! A senseless formula at the squalid registrar's office."

"It is as binding as the most elaborate religious ritual," said Claudia, elaborately. She was only thinking of loyalty to Christian Morning and Patrick Lyle, and she was beginning to perceive that the strong-willed, white woman was as fractious and irrational as the veriest neurotic of this latter-day civilisation. Perhaps she forgot that Vera Mijatovitch was as weak as a baby as the result of her long illness, and that her brain activity was burning up every atom of strength as soon as it appeared.

Vera Mijatovitch faced her angrily. "You have not yet told me why you came," she said.

"No; because you have not allowed me," said Claudia, in self-defence; "and I will do so now. I want you and Christian Morning, your husband, to be friends—to meet, at any rate. He wants to, too, believe me," she added, hurriedly, as she saw the nasty retort forming on the woman's lips. "I have seen him quite recently in the South of France. We spoke a great deal about you. He told me all the circumstances."

"Yes, and of course, you sympathised with him—eh?"

"Yes. And with you, too; that is why I am here."

"You think, I suppose, that it is your mission to put it all right, I suppose that you want the domestic breach closed, and Mr. and Mrs. Morning living in peace and happiness ever afterwards. Oh, how very foolish you Englishwomen are!"

"You mistake me," said Claudia boldly. "I do not wish to interfere in your domestic affairs. Good gracious! I am not that sort of woman. I had no idea at the time, nor had he, that you were in, in such a position as I now find you. You were lost to us—lost to us. He did not know where you were."

"Nor, I take it, did he particularly want to see you."

"He could easily have found out. He did not want to know anything. He wanted to lose me, just as I wanted to lose him."

"Well, anyhow, all that is altered now, and he wants to—to do his duty."

Vera Mijatovitch laughed again. "Pray, my lady, did he send you to tell me this? He sent me to tell you nothing. I tell you, I have come on my own initiative."

"Then he does not know that you have come?"

To be continued.

The Daily Time Saver.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 57.—CREME RENVERSEE A L'IMPERIALE.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Pound four ounces of almonds finely, sprinkling them with orange juice while pounding.

Stir them into four ounces of sugar and the yolks of six eggs; add the whites of eggs whipped to a stiff froth, a little grated lemon peel, and a pint of cream stirred in gently.

Butter a mould well, pour in the custard, and bake in a bain-marie for one hour and a half in a medium oven.

This crème may be served either cold or warm.

PRIZE RECIPE AWARD.

We award the prize of one guinea this week to

Mrs. GILLILAND,
7, Elmswood-road,
Aigburth, Liverpool,

for—

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG.
One large lobster, two eggs, tablespoonfuls of cream, two of milk, wineglassful sherry, red pepper, and salt, two ounces butter. Pick out all the meat from a good-sized lobster, and put in a stewpan with two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of milk, and bring to the boil; have ready beaten up in a basin the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little red pepper and salt, a wineglassful of sherry, and add it to the prepared lobster; let it thicken, but not boil; dish up immediately on a hot dish; sprinkle the spiced, which has been passed through a sieve, over the top and garnish the sides with the small claws. Cost 2s. 6d.

A dainty dish for lunch or supper.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

*Eggs en Cocottes. Cornish Pasties.
Cod's Roe Cutlets.
Pressed Pork. Tomato Omelet.

LUNCH.

Scotch Broth. Baked and Stuffed Haddock.
Jugged Hare. Rowan Jelly.
Mutton Patties.
*Curry of Mushrooms. Eggs à la Reine.
French Rice Pudding. Chocolate Mould.
Siltion Cheese.

COLD DISHES.

Veal and Ham Pie. Roast Beef.
Lobster Mayonnaise.

TEA.

Muffins. Cream Sandwiches.
German Pound Cake.
*Cherry Cakes. Bath Buns.

DINNER.

Soups.
Crêpe Soup. Purée of Artichokes.
Oysters à la Naturel.

ENTREE.

Boiled Brill. Striped Sauce.
Chicken Cutlets à la Victoria.
Hare Scallops.

GAME.

Boiled Pheasant, Celery Sauce.
Roast Snipe.

ROAST.

Veal and Ham. Hind quarter of Mutton.
Vegetables.
Brussels Sprouts. Olive Potatoes.

SWEETS.

Compôte of Chestnuts with Cream.
Omelet Soufflé.

SAVOIRES.

Cheese Straws. Savoury Olives.
Ice.
Neapolitan.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 207.—EGGS EN COCOTTES.

INGREDIENTS.—A little fireproof cup for each person, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, one of butter, one of milk, one of salt, one of pepper, a little butter.

Butter the little cups. Put two teaspoonfuls of cream into each. Break carefully a new laid egg into each. Dust with salt and pepper. Sprinkle a little parsley on the tops. Stand these in a saucepan of boiling water to come half-way up the cups. Allow to boil gently till the eggs are just set. Serve the cups immediately.

No. 208.—MUSHROOM CURRY.

INGREDIENTS.—One dozen good-sized mushrooms, one small onion, one ounce of butter, one of milk, one of salt, one of pepper, one of curry powder, one teaspoonful of flour, one of stock, or water and milk, one teaspoonful of chutney, half a teaspoonful of salt.

Trim, peel, and carefully clean the mushrooms. Slice the onion finely and fry it in the butter till brown. Then add the curry paste, curry powder, and flour. Mix well and fry gently for five minutes. Add the stock, or water and milk, the chutney and salt. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes, skimming and stirring. Then strain and put in the mushrooms. Arrange in a border of rice on a hot dish, then carefully pour the mushroom curry into the centre and serve at once.

No. 209.—CHERRY CAKES.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of butter, three ounces of a pound of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of castor sugar, four eggs, a pinch of salt, half a pound of cherries, two ounces of mixed peel, two of raisins.

Well butter the tins. Cream the butter and mix with the flour and sugar. Beat in the eggs one by one till very white and soft. Beat in the baking powder. Mix the flour with the salt and baking powder. Add the cherries in quarters. Chop the peel finely and mix with it the grated lemon rind. Add the flour to the butter, sugar, and eggs. Add the cherries and peel. Mix well. Fill the tins three parts full. Bake in a quick oven from twenty to thirty minutes, or till firm and a pale brown. Turn out on a plate. Place on a sieve or tilted against a plate to cool.

